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The Shape of Things

NOW THAT MR. BIDDLE HAS VERY PROPERLY rejected the ultimatum of Congressman Dies, it is up to the dying-duck Texan to make good his threat to start legislative action "to divorce the Government from the CIO." On the basis of records which his investigators secured with dubious authority from the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, Mr. Dies called on the Attorney General to determine whether government officials have violated the Hatch Act. According to his interpretation of this measure any government employee who speaks on the telephone to anyone connected with the CIO Political Action Committee engages *ipso facto* in unlawful political activity and should forfeit his job. If this interpretation were upheld it would, of course, be unsafe for any civil servant to answer a question put by any official of any political party or, indeed, by any ordinary citizen unless he inquired first whether his answer was to be used for political purposes. It is not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Biddle declined to undertake the task Mr. Dies assigned him. He has already had teams of FBI men studying the CIO-PAC records and has found no evidence that the group is engaging in illegal activities of any kind. Mr. Dies, curiously enough, has not yet sent his investigators on a similar errand and has not subpoenaed any of the CIO-PAC leaders to give evidence before his committee. Will he now do so or will he content himself with issuing publicity releases from Orange, Texas? Our own guess is that he will shrink from a contest of wits with Sidney Hillman. His farce has played its full five acts and even he must know that any epilogue would be an anti-climax.

*

DONALD NELSON IS DETERMINED THAT army stubbornness and the obstructionism of the big-business block in the WPB shall not jeopardize plans for reconversion. Mr. Nelson has pulled off the shelf a progress report of the WPB, prepared by statisticians V. L. Bassie and Irving Kaplan, which was suppressed on the order of their bureau chief, Stacey May. Mr. Nelson has refused the resignations of the statisticians and forwarded the report to the joint chiefs of staff. The report is said to show that there are vast stockpiles of war materials on hand, that there is no shortage of

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manpower except in a few specialized categories of workers, and that workers in curtailed fields of war production are being released at the rate of many thousands a month. Nelson has been insisting that, where possible, excess war plants should be turned back to civilian use with the express purpose of absorbing displaced workers into civilian occupations. He has met opposition from the army—particularly vocal through General Somervell and Assistant Secretary of War Patterson—from the War Manpower Commission, and, less openly but most effectively of all, from Charles E. Wilson, WPB executive vice-chairman, and the group of big-business vice-chairmen that surround him. Nelson's sole support on the Board has come from the two labor vice-chairmen, Joseph Keenan and Clinton Golden, and from Maury Maverick, chairman of the Smaller War Plants Corporation. The Wilson group's opposition is based on their determination to prevent small business getting in on the ground floor of reconversion, and to consolidate the over-all predominance of big business in the post-war period. Nelson clearly sees his major job as providing materials for the maximum prosecution of the war effort. But as that job is completed in various fields of ordnance supply, then he is clearly bound to get under way the program of cut-backs and reconversion no matter what the opposition. This is particularly true if the opposition comes from big-business government executives, who have a curiously predatory interpretation of the American way of life.

*

THE FAILURE OF THE MIKOLAJCZYK MISSION to Moscow may bring tragic consequences to the Polish people. If it were merely a matter of sloughing off a reactionary clique standing on questionable legitimist claims, the problem would be easy. We suspect, however, that the divisions go far down into the Polish population itself and that unless agreement can be reached between the liberal faction of the London government and the Polish Committee of National Liberation, Poland will be in for a prolonged period of civil strife. Elsewhere in this issue, Anna Louise Strong puts forward the Kremlin interpretation of the issue; it is interesting because we doubt if the Soviet point of view has ever before been stated so clearly. We must confess that we are not completely satisfied that it is the only valid point of view or that the choice is a clear-cut one between the Kremlin-backed National Committee and the Polish government-in-exile, standing on the reactionary 1935 constitution. The current shift in the London cabinet takes Sosnkowski out of the line of succession but leaves the conservatives largely in control. The immediate Polish settlement will undoubtedly rest with the Red Army, the Polish armies associated with it, and the Partisan groups that cooperate with them. They will constitute a steamroller to crush first the Nazi armies and then any internal dissent which may develop. Whether this combination is also capable of rebuilding Polish democracy remains to be seen. It appears to us that the building would have a stronger foundation if a compromise agreement, such as was reached in the case of Yugoslavia, could be arrived at between the liberal elements in London and the National Committee in Moscow.

*

IT IS REFRESHING TO READ THE OPEN AND informed criticism of the State Department that flows so freely these days from the able pen of Sumner Welles. To have a recent insider, now safely outside, analyze the policies of his erstwhile colleagues is a most salutary sort of public education. Whether one agrees with Mr. Welles or not, one reads his comments in order to find out what is going on as well as what he thinks about it. On the subject of American policy toward Argentina Mr. Welles is particularly sharp. He believes the State Department has exaggerated both the degree of Nazi penetration in that country and the amount of aid the Peron government has given Hitler in the war. He thinks that the Argentine dictatorship is in direct line of descent from the dictatorship of General Rosas a hundred years ago; in other words, that it is an old-fashioned nationalist-militarist affair with a few modern fascist trimmings. He insists that our break in relations will only intensify Argentina's nationalist emotions. And he does not believe the State Department has carried out the provisions in recent agreements for consultation with the other Latin-American countries. In fact, Mr. Welles suspects that we have "informed" those countries rather than consulted with them. And as a belated solution for what he considers a dangerous impasse, he proposes that a full meeting of the foreign ministers of the American republics, including Argentina, be held without delay to "consider the grave issues now raised and seek a satisfactory solution."

*

ALL THIS SOUNDS VERY CONVINCING. AND nothing could possibly sound more unconvincing than the reply of Mr. Welles's successor, Mr. Stettinius, that "we don't want fascism in this hemisphere." Nothing in our Latin-American policy suggests that we have any general objection to fascism. Like Churchill, we judge a fascist government by its acts and oppose it only if those acts directly aid the enemy. But if Mr. Stettinius's remarks sound a bit sententious and fishy, they at least represent an attitude we should adopt. Whereas the hands-off attitude of Mr. Welles is exactly what encouraged the development of fascism in many Latin-American countries. Indeed one might argue that the policy carried on under the aegis of Mr. Welles made inevitable the policy now being applied by Mr. Hull

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and Mr. Stettinius. It is quite possible that pressure belatedly applied will fail to cure the evil disease of Nazi-orientated dictatorship in Argentina. (We discount very heavily Mr. Welles's attempt to show that fascism is not an important factor in the Argentine set-up.) But having refused to give any effective support to genuinely democratic elements in that country while they still had some opportunity to act, having rebuffed their emissaries and ignored their warnings, we may now be forced in defense of our security to take measures that will, as Mr. Welles fears, create in Latin America fear of a revival of "big-stick" diplomacy.

*

CANADA IS IN FOR STORMY WEATHER, according to the political chart. Maurice Duplessis has just replaced Adelard Godbout as premier of Quebec, breaking the Liberal Party's hold on the French province. His victory lowers Prime Minister King's hopes in the coming federal election and raises once more to power a figure long regarded by Canadian progressives as the symbol of reaction. The results are to some extent an independent French protest against the war policy of the federal government—although the extreme anti-war Bloc Populaire showed surprising weakness. Duplessis's name is chiefly associated with the Padlock Act, passed during his 1936-1939 term of office, a repressive measure giving to the police extraordinary powers of search and seizure against anyone alleged to be in possession of "communistic" literature. The act has lain dormant during the more progressive Godbout regime; Duplessis now promises to dust it off and enforce it. Maurice Duplessis's Union Nationale represents a French-Canadian nationalism that sets itself over against the claims of the Dominion Parliament to have any say in the affairs of Quebec. His government, it is feared, may seek to block any measure aimed at national planning for post-war problems, whether introduced by the present federal government or by its successor.

*

JUST NOW MR. KING'S FORTUNES APPEAR TO be at a low ebb. The loss of Quebec follows that of Ontario last year to the Progressive-Conservatives and Saskatchewan a month or two ago to the C. C. F. In Alberta, on the same day as the Quebec election, the Social Credit government regained power in a landslide victory. Apparently most of the "independent" vote—formerly Liberal and Conservative—went to Social Credit so as to block the C. C. F. In the fight the C. C. F. elected only two members but doubled its popular vote compared with last election; the independent vote was cut to one-third. Six or eight months may yet remain before the federal election is called, and the political situation is fluid. It is difficult to see where the Liberal Party can find the support necessary to return it to power; from this distance it looks as if the C. C. F. would muster the greatest strength of any Canadian party.

A Summer Task for Mr. Taft

SOMEWHERE along the line we have picked up the impression that a good many Republicans would like to dispense with the office of the Presidency from June to November of an election year. This year, *particularly*. Just look, they say, how the current President has carried the campaign to Pearl Harbor and Kiska, utilizing cruisers, destroyers, and a considerable number of auxiliary craft, conducting strategy conferences, visiting with troops, and inspecting bases—all mere window-dressing for partisan politics. One possible solution (Republican) to the dilemma created by a President (Democratic) who refuses to sit still and vegetate is to pass legislation similar to that designed for soldiers. No doubt Senator Taft, for one, could be persuaded to introduce a bill, henceforth to be known as the "No! No! Bill," forbidding the President substantial access to the outside world until after Election Day. An electric barbed-wire fence would be placed around the White House, telephones and radios would be removed from the mansion. Twice weekly, an impartial board consisting of Senator Taft would meet and select news items that might safely be sent along to the President. Naturally, any mention of politics, people, or things in general would be automatically excluded. Hints on (a) gardening and (b) summer recipes might occasionally get through, provided it had been conclusively demonstrated that they were not disguised to influence the President's thoughts about (a) reforestation and (b) the care and feeding of Europe. Once the items had been selected, they would be thoroughly pasteurized, homogenized, given the Shick test, wrapped in absorbent cotton, and dropped upon the White House roof.

In order to keep the President faintly amused until November, certain carefully screened phonograph records and films would be permitted entry. Among the former, Edwin Franko Goldman's *On the Mall,* and Frank Sinatra's rendition of *All Through the Night* might be considered eligible. Something like excerpts from *The Barber of Seville,* however, would be taboo, on the grounds that the record tended to arouse questions in the President's mind as to the future government of Italy. In the film line, it is safe to assume that some of the earlier works of Theda Bara would pass muster, but a newsreel shot of Dewey at Pawling, or, for that matter, at Manila, would be out.

At this point, we must not forget the influence of

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books upon mankind—man's craving for them and their possible evil effect upon his train of thought. It is a tribute to the liberality of the "No! No! Bill" that it permits the President to read any book published in America prior to the expulsion of Roger Williams from Rhode Island.

Having successfully insulated the President of the United States from the outside world, the bill provides furthermore—and this is perhaps the crux of the matter—for the insulation of the world from the President. The bill recognizes no distinction between the Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy, the President of the United States, and the Democratic candidate for President, and makes clear that any one of the above persons, or any combination of the three, shall be null and void until after election. Conferences with military advisers are to be permitted twice monthly, provided (a) that the situation clearly demands it, (b) that the Republican candidate for President is permitted a return match in the same arena and (c) that the conferences be broadcast overseas. Furthermore, digests of the conferences are to be dropped in pamphlet form to the troops of our enemies. In this way, the President, as Commander in Chief, will be prevented from slipping over a fast one on anybody, including his rival candidate, or even Hitler. Any profit our enemies might derive from a premature revelation of future military action would be more than offset by the spectacle—available to all the world—of witnessing democracy in action.

Timid Planners of the Brave New World

THE big problems of our day are being tackled by small men with ice picks. The Senate's passage of the George amendment to the Social Security Act in preference to the more liberal and realistic Kilgore-Murray bill is a case in point. It is unlikely that the House will show any more courageous imagination when it faces the same issue.

The debate on demobilization legislation is demonstrating as never before our need for new and better Congressmen. The most shocking feature has been the complete absence of discussion of the one concrete proposal for assuring full production in the post-war period—the plan offered by James G. Patton, president of the National Farmers Union.

Patton's plan, offered as debate opened in the Senate on reconversion legislation, was not a wild and undigested program. It was a well-studied proposal, in line with the thinking of such prominent economists as Dr. Alvin Hansen, of Harvard, and Robert Nathan, former head of the WPB Planning Board, to assure government action if private industry fails to provide jobs for all.

Under the Patton plan private industry could carry the load if it was able to do so. But if private industry failed, as many economists fear it will, government would step in to keep the economic machine moving and to prevent a nose-dive into depression.

The Patton plan is based upon the theory that capital investment of about $40,000,000,000 a year will be needed in the post-war period to keep everybody employed. Private industry would be encouraged to put up as much as it could. It would be helped by cheap credit from the RFC to carry the load. But the government would be authorized ahead of time to make up any gap between what private industry invested and the total needed to assure full production.

If Patton's proposal stirred the imagination of anyone in the Senate there was no sign of it. The Senate debate was on a far different level. The liberals were for the Kilgore-Murray bill, which proposed to set up machinery for the study of such plans as Patton's, but contained no assurance of the adoption of anything. The conservatives—the Republicans and the Southern Democrats—didn't even propose to study plans for full employment; they were ready to rely completely on private industry, and private industry alone, without guidance from the government.

The conservative coalition backed the George bill, drafted jointly by Senators Walter George (D-Ga) and Robert A. Taft (R-O). This bill sounded, on quick reading, much like the Kilgore-Murray measures. But it didn't provide the machinery for planning the demobilization or for programming full employment after the period of reconversion.

The philosophy of the George-Taft forces was disclosed by Senator Taft's admission that the best he expected in the post-war period was a national income of $120,000,000,000. This was a blunt rejection of the full employment goal. America is now producing better than $150,000,000,000, with 11,000,000 of its ablest men in the armed forces. A national income of $120,000,000,000 promises an economy of scarcity, with widespread unemployment and distress, rather than an economy of plenty with jobs and profits for all.

The same kind of timid, ignorant thinking, was even more obvious in the George-Taft proposals for unemployment compensation. Their bill was a states' rights bill, leaving the standards of unemployment compensation to the states. The states have established standards that are far from adequate. As Senator Robert Wagner (D-NY), one of the authors of the Social Security Act, pointed out, the most an unemployed worker can get in the majority of states is $15 or $16 a week, and this for 15 or 16 weeks at the most. Even with rapid reconversion to peace-time production, millions would exhaust their

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benefits before they could find new employment.

The Kilgore-Murray bill attempted to establish federal standards, not only for the protection of the workers, but for the protection of the national purchasing power. The conservatives opposed this as an invasion of states' rights, demonstrating how that bogey can be stretched to any limit to bar progress. The whole unemployment insurance system was established by the federal government, and is now supported by federal taxes. Yet Congressmen still argue that it would be a gross invasion of states' rights for the government to change the plan it established.

The Ambiguous Oil Agreement

EDITORIAL commentators on the newly signed Anglo-American oil agreement may prove, it seems to us, a little premature in their cheers. Admittedly, any step tending to allay antagonism between the United States and Britain is welcome. And the recognition of the interest of consumer countries does mark an advance on previous international commodity agreements, which unblushingly confined themselves to the protection of producer interests. But, we are bound to ask, can these protestations of non-discrimination, of equality of opportunity, and of fair prices for all be taken at face value?

The agreement, in very general terms, gives its blessing to a theory of free trade, but in the case of the international oil market we have to deal with a condition, not a theory—a condition of Anglo-American monopoly. (Dutch oil interests are so closely intermingled with British that they can be included under the same head.) British and American firms control four-fifths of the world's oil production and almost 100 per cent of the world export trade in petroleum products. And this situation is likely to continue for a long time, since Russia is certain to expand its consumption as fast as it can increase production and practically all the known potential fields elsewhere are under concession to the big American and British companies. The new agreement specifically declares that "the Governments of each country and the nationals thereof shall respect all valid concession contracts and lawfully acquired rights and shall make no effort unilaterally to interfere directly or indirectly with such contracts or rights." This underwriting of the status quo leaves "equality of opportunity" a rather shadowy right.

After the last war the British effort to secure a tight hold on Middle Eastern oil created a tense situation for a time. However, harmony was restored when the Standard Oil interests were cut in on the great Irak oilfields. Subsequently the companies participating in the Irak Petroleum Company signed the Red Line Agreement—a mutual undertaking not to acquire unilateral concessions in the Middle Eastern area. By the same instrument the Irak company agreed to limit its operations to this region. In addition an understanding appears to have been reached between the big British and American companies on the question of markets. At any rate they refrained from competing with each other on a price basis, with the result that the natives of Asia were forced to pay high prices for oil cheaply produced in their own territory.

The new oil agreement declares that "adequate supplies of petroleum shall be available in international trade to the nationals of all peaceable countries at fair prices and on a non-discriminatory basis." But who is to decide what quantity is "adequate" and what price "fair"? The practice of the Anglo-Iranian Company and its satellites, including Irak Petroleum, has been to restrict production to the amount it could sell at a price which gave it a very handsome margin of profit. The Standard Oil companies cooperating with it connived in and benefitted from this practice.

If the countries of the East are to develop industrially they must be provided with cheaper fuel and power, and the restrictive methods by which their natural resources have been exploited must be abandoned. The Anglo-American agreement may be interpreted as expressing an intention of pressing forward with a policy of expansion. But it can also be read as providing a governmental front for the Anglo-American cartel whose representatives took part in the discussion leading to its adoption. Certainly it contains no hint that the big oil producers will be compelled to give up their monopolistic practices. The International (properly Anglo-American) Petroleum Commission which is to be set up is not to be endowed with any powers which would enable it to force the opening of "reserved" fields or the reduction of profit margins. Its functions seem to be purely advisory.

We are told, however, that the agreement is preparatory to the summoning of a world petroleum conference. It is to be hoped that when this meeting takes place other countries, some of which are interested as the owners of oil resources under concession to Anglo-American companies and all of which are interested as consumers, will be allowed to make their views felt and not be asked merely to endorse this ambiguous agreement. It may be true that free competition in oil, if it were possible at this late date, would lead to the waste of a precious and limited natural resource. But if we must have monopoly in oil, then it should be subject to public international control and not left in the hands of private concerns whose primary objective is necessarily maximum profits.

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The War Fronts

BY CHARLES G. BOLTE

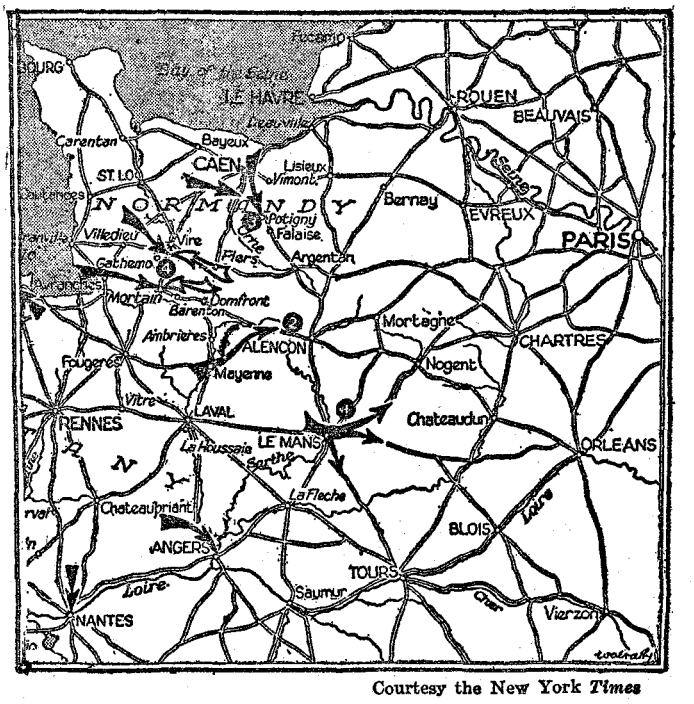
The Battle of France

WITH the brilliant sweep of the Allied right wing out of the Breton peninsula and the dogged advance of the left wing down the road from Caen, the Battle of France is on. The possibilities opened up by this successful beginning to the war of movement in Western Europe are great.

The advance of the right wing has been quite phenomenal, recalling the Red Army at its recent best, or the German Army at its past best. It took six days to go thirty-one miles from Périers to Avranches, along the narrow coastal strip of the Norman peninsula that was the choke-point of the western Normandy battle. Once through the choke-point, the right wing jumped to an average of thirty miles a day in the thrust to Brest, 150 miles away at the westernmost tip of France, and about fifteen miles a day in the advance south to the Loire, which cut off the Breton peninsula, sealed the fate of the U-boats, and established a firm flank to guard the most important thrust of all: east, towards Paris.

The Allied line-up in France in this phase of the campaign was strongly reminiscent of Sicily, where the British also held the toughest part of the front as a pivot of maneuver while the Americans under Patton wheeled swiftly around through the rest of the island, clearing out the enemy and scoring big territorial gains when the enemy's hard defenses had been broken. (Incidentally, the dash of the American advance in France suggests that the Germans were not dreaming when they reported that Patton was in command of the tank-army.) So far the most distinctive difference between the Sicilian and French situations is that in France the Germans had the strength and determination for a counter-attack.

The time and place of that particular counter-attack were obvious even from New York: against the side of the Avranches choke-point above referred to. That was the right wing's Achilles tendon: its sole supply line, running through a narrow coastal plain, with the enemy on the high ground east of Avranches. Early last week, the Allies were beginning to throw a pincers around this high ground, which spills over the boundaries of the Orne Department; the hinge of the pincers was the logical place for the Germans to strike. Unfortunately for the beauty of the plan, the Allied commander could also read the map; consequently we were strong on the ground and ready in the air. The Germans lost about 150 tanks in a single day—equivalent to nearly one and a half panzer divisions at present German strength.



Courtesy the New York *Times*

Even after this defeat the Germans continued to attack, for the Avranches choke-point remained their most likely scene of success. Reinforcements were rushed up from southern France to strike a hammer-blow. But the British and Canadian attacks from Caen southwards and the sudden new spurt of the American mobile force to Le Mans and beyond made potential a closing of the pincers well behind the German thrust-point. The open flank of the American advance was being secured by the penetration to Nantes, Angers, and Orleans, along the Loire—the extremely rapid and daring leaps ahead to so many points suggesting again that this force is not just a tank corps but is in fact a new American army. If it were an army, Von Kluge would not care to bring his dwindling reserves inside its orbit; so perhaps the reinforcements from the south will be re-routed behind the Seine.

That was the situation as last week ended: the German line, once a great gate, was gone, with only the hinge—from the sea to Troarn—remaining; a counter-attacking enemy force between Vire and Mortain was threatened with encirclement; a highly mobile American force with a secure flank was racing towards Paris.

This means that if the strategic possibilities of this fluid situation are exploited we can take Central and Southern France in our own time, forcing a German withdrawal to the line of the Seine, from Le Havre through Paris southeast to Dijon and the Swiss border.

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If our right wing is strong enough along the Loire to force the Germans from the south to move behind the Seine, the Biscay hinterland will be opened up, and the Mediterranaen coast made vulnerable to a landing, with its inviting prospects of a drive up the Rhone through Lyon to the left flank of the enemy's last-ditch defense line across the vital area of northeastern France.

This is the area he must hold, if he is to protect the very approaches to Germany; this, whatever the course of counter-attacks, routing of reinforcements, or landings, is where he is bound. A fighting retreat over a fairly short distance will take him there in the north, from Troarn to the mouth of the Seine. The potential encirclement around the high ground of the Orne Department should not be counted in advance; we have seen too many cases of his brilliant tactical improvisation in like times of distress. The wheeling movement of our right wing offers the greatest chance of strategic gain: a thrust to Paris or the Seine *southeast* of it, and a consequent disruption of the enemy forces below the Loire.

Much will then depend on the speed with which we get additional troops into action against the line behind which lie the buzz-bomb bases of the Pas de Calais. If the line is broken quickly, General Eisenhower's prediction of victory in 1944 will be fulfilled; if it is not, the enemy may be able to hold on through another winter.

Don't Call Us G. I. Joe

BY JEROME H. SPINGARN, LIEUT. (jg.) U. S. N.

THERE *is nothing so shocking as the civilian's* abysmal ignorance of the problem of army morale. He thinks of it in terms of shows, hostesses, free drinks, and recreation—in terms of a lot of guys named Joe or G. I. Joe (the latter being his idea of what soldiers call themselves in their own patois). He will do a great deal for these Joes—he will serve on all sorts of committees and canteens and will contribute to numerous organizations which concern themselves with soldier and sailor welfare. But he will forget all about his own friends who are now in uniform, about the men who are not Joe at all but Oscar or Irwin or even Horace.

At Christmas time, perhaps, he will send them a box of food, well mashed in transit, or a card that says "Merry Christmas to a Soldier Boy" or a form V-mail that opens with, "To the Members of the Lemonwater-Wells Family in Their Country's Service." Or he will write letters that contain such informative bits as "Of course you who are witnessing the Big Show aren't interested in such trivial things as the Broadway plays we've seen this season," or "You have doubtless heard of the three weddings among our friends this week, so I won't bore you with more about that."

It is unfortunate that this is so, because there is nothing a civilian can do for the service men he doesn't know that is half so effective as the things he can do for the ones he does know. Service men overseas are very lonesome people, not just a few of them but most of them, men who are healthy and normal in every respect. In a very real sense, all of them are still living in the States. The source of the strength that enables them to carry on is still in their home communities, in their private circles of friends. They appreciate, of course, the things that are done for them because of their uniform. But they appreciate even more the things they get because of what they are, things that carry some recognition of their own pre-war individualities.

This is particularly true of the man whose contact with the humanities went beyond comic books and the *Saturday Evening Post*. He has many interests that his fellow-soldiers do not share. He probably likes them a lot and gets on with them well, but they do not satisfy his thirst for intelligent conversation about books or music or art or public affairs or business. The army and the Red Cross do what they can to make life interesting for service men by providing various types of entertainment, dances, and socials. But there is little that these lowest-common-denominator activities can do for the fellow who doesn't get any deep satisfaction from prize fights or apple-ducking or whose marital fidelity inhibits his seeking chance alliances with women.

And, unfortunately, his friends, being sensitive and self-conscious intellectuals, are less likely to dash off frequent notes to him than are most other people. The taxi driver has no compunctions about using an odd moment to scribble a short, sentimental, and perhaps trite note to a pal overseas, and to pass it around the garage so that the other boys can add a few words of their own. But intellectuals are subject to strange restraints. A magazine editor I know, a highly literate gentleman, has several close friends at the front. He thinks about them a great deal, talks about them often, and bleeds himself white at the blood bank for their sake. But he hasn't written to them for months because he is shy about writing "until he really has something to say." He doesn't want to insult them with foolish chatter or waste their time with banalities. He just doesn't realize that they have endless hours on their

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hands with nothing to do, with no place even to sit but the ends of their cots, and that the high spot of their day consists of a walk to company headquarters to pick up their mail so that they can see who, if anybody, remembers that they are alive. If the editor realized that, he'd appreciate the fact that a short note saying, "Had lunch with Bob today and we spoke of you," or "I'm reading a wonderful new book that I know you'd like, and I'll send you my copy as soon as I finish it," could make the day for his friend in service.

There is a common misconception that a soldier or sailor is always busy. As a matter of fact, after the first hectic months of boot or basic training are completed, the service man is usually the least busy man in the world. He has more free time than he ever had in his life, and, in the Pacific area, has nothing to do but read two-month-old copies of the San Francisco *Examiner*.

The lack of current newspapers and magazines is felt keenly. Air-mail and V-mail letters reach overseas posts in about ten days, but newspapers and other second-class matter travel by ship, and are usually from one to two months old when they arrive. They come in batches of ten to twenty copies at a time, and since some ships are faster than others, they do not always arrive in consecutive order. Current news is supplied by short-wave broadcasts from the United States and by army newspapers. Both of these sources limit themselves to brief and sketchy news summaries, antiseptically prepared by the Army News Service, which tries harder to avoid controversy than to present news. When I read the story of the government's seizure of Montgomery Ward, a two-line account in a news bulletin mimeographed on a South Pacific island, the reason for the action was not indicated. For all I knew, Montgomery Ward might have been condemned by Chicago as a fire hazard.

The first full treatment of news reaches South Pacific islands in the thin-paper overseas editions of *Life*, *Time*, and *Newsweek* which are printed in Honolulu and Australia and delivered by air to army officials for free distribution to troops. They arrive far in advance of the magazines to which soldiers have individual subscriptions, and thus enjoy a virtual monopoly of news dissemination in the area. All three of these magazines, of course, exhibit a strong bias in favor of the Republican Party. In contracting for them, the army was probably influenced by the fact that they were the only magazines which published special light-weight editions. Recently the *New Yorker* has been added to the list.

Overseas Post Exchanges usually stock only the most popular magazines and comic books. Publications like *The Nation*, the *New Republic*, *Harper's*, and the *Atlantic*, to say nothing of specialized or professional journals, are never found in their stocks. It is to be hoped that ways can be found to make liberal magazines available for distribution to the armed forces in the near future; certainly an effort should be made to give service men, as part of the electorate, a well-rounded picture of the issues in the coming election.

The scarcity of news and literate reading matter is often disheartening to the soldier whose chief inspiration during this period of trial is the thought that he is fighting to make possible a progressive and democratic America in a progressive and democratic world. He is completely dependent upon his friends for magazines and newspapers which give more than a superficial account of the news of the day or which make some attempt at fairness in presenting the point of view of labor and of the Roosevelt Administraton. A subscription to a magazine or newspaper therefore makes a handsome gift. But most soldiers like even more to receive clippings of news stories and magazine articles inclosed in air-mail letters. These arrive in about a week, before the overseas editions of magazines, and about a month sooner than subscription copies arrive. An envelope full of clippings is usually appreciated as much as a letter, and it solves a perplexing problem for civilians who are anxious to write a letter but can't think of anything to say.

I realize that I shall never be able to convince people that a few inches of newsprint from yesterday's paper can be so precious a commodity to a soldier overseas. Last Christmas Joe Thompson, an army captain who manages one of the expeditionary radio stations, sent five hundred greeting cards to friends asking them to mail him clippings which might have interest for the soldiers who listen to the radio in his theater. Up to the time when I last saw him, about two months ago, only one person had taken his request seriously. It is similarly useless, I guess, to tell people that a clipping often means more than a whole newspaper because it carries with it a personal touch, an implication that "this is about something that you and I are both interested in"; or that every newspaper and every clipping sent to the forward areas is usually read by from twenty to forty people. And I suppose I would be set down as excessively sentimental if I said that magazines that had been read and left around the house for a few days, collecting assorted fruit and egg stains, would mean more to a lot of men overseas than brand-new copies mechanically wrapped and addressed at the press.

It is hard, too, for the average civilian to realize that his letters can mean so much to overseas service men he knows only casually. But if he will close his eyes for a few minutes and try to envision himself separated from his family, thrown in with a disparate group of men whom he gets along with but never really gets to know, living out of a foot locker or barracks bag, having no conversation for weeks on end save a few words concerning the immediate problems of military life or some good-natured but repetitious banter about the weather,

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the chow, or the general's new car, he will begin to realize how much it would mean to him to be reminded of a fuller and richer life. The mere mention of some half-forgotten name is enough to remind him of some half-forgotten facet of his own personality, and to lift him out of the bleakness of his present rut. Most men overseas like to write letters—it is one of the most popular ways of using spare time. But pride restrains them from writing to people who answer slowly or not at all. They don't want to force themselves on people like a disabled vet selling poppies on a street corner. They want to feel that they are as big a shot as they ever were, that people still seek them out, that you need them as much as they need you.

I remember seeing a yeoman sitting in front of the operations hut at a seaplane base reading a letter and glowing with a broad smile. "You seem very happy," I said. "Is that from your girl?"

"Oh, no," he answered, "this is from the lousiest little son-of-a-bitch I know. The sort of guy who is only nice to people who can do things for him. It makes me feel wonderful to get a letter from him. I guess I'm probably going to amount to something when this war is over after all."

Failure of a Mission

BY ANNA LOUISE STRONG

Moscow, August 8

THE past week has recorded additional victories for the Soviet Union both in the military and in the economic field. A good harvest is being reaped from thirty million additional acres, twenty thousand miles of main line have been relaid to date by railway workers, there has been a 31 per cent increase in coal and a 34 per cent increase in pig iron in July 1944 over July 1943—these too are victories.

Meanwhile the Red Army advance through the Baltic states and Poland definitely cuts off the Baltic states from Prussia. Farther south the Red Army's close approach to Krakow recalls the strategy proposed by Voroshilov and rejected by the Polish government five years ago.

Nation readers recall the tense days of 1939, when the British and French military missions in Moscow discussed with the Soviets joint action against Hitler's threat to invade Poland. The Soviet Union offered to send two armies: one against East Prussia in the north, and one through Krakow against central Germany. The Polish government's refusal to accept this plan was the immediate cause of the breakdown of the Allied conference.

It is worth while to recall this, for today, when the Soviet Union is attacking East Prussia in the north and Central Germany through Krakow, the same Polish government's unresolved differences with Moscow are again the chief hindrance to Allied unity and therefore to the future stability of world peace.

The visit of the Mikolajczyk delegation to Moscow therefore gains importance beyond the actual strength of the Polish government-in-exile. They have been here over a week, dining with the British and American Ambassadors, conferring with Molotov and Stalin. They have met the Polish Committee of National Liberation.

The Poles from London are highly accessible to all American correspondents. I spent two hours with them yesterday, briefly with Mikolajczyk and exhaustively with the press representative, Karczewski, to whom Mikolajczyk referred me for a line on the position of the delegation. Hopes for mutual collaboration between the Poles and the Soviets ran high while we talked generalities but dwindled when we got down to details.

The Poles stated that the Polish government in London is not only the "legal" government but also is most widely representative of the chief political parties of Poland—Peasants, Socialists, Nationalists, and Labor. They insisted that all these four chief parties are against the 1935 constitution as "imposed by a regime of colonels who seized power," and that all these parties dislike General Sosnkowski, who is also the Soviet Union's *bête noire*. "He has no support in the Polish government. We'd all be glad if he would leave."

This seemed promising enough, except for mild wonder why the government waits so politely for Sosnkowski to leave instead of throwing him out. When I posed this seemingly minor technical problem, I learned that the "government" couldn't throw out Sosnkowski since the President is responsible to no one in making his appointments. The "government" is presumably a representative but actually a powerless committee.

The solution still seemed easy to one of my political inexperience. I asked whether the democratic representatives from the London "government" would be willing to desert Sosnkowski and combine with the Liberation Committee now organizing in Poland. If so, on what terms? They, however, objected equally to the leaders of the Liberation Committee as "expelled members" of the Peasant and Socialist parties. These expulsions apparently occurred in London since the outbreak of war.

Two other American correspondents who entered dur-

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ing the above discussion put the flat question: "Given a majority in the Liberation Committee and allowed to fix the eastern borders of Poland, would you agree to keep Sosnkowski and his clique out of Poland, where the Russians fear their influence creates fascism and enmity and civil war?" The Polish official representative sidestepped by stating that Sosnkowski is "politically unimportant since he is no longer the President's official successor but only the commander-in-chief of the army." It was plain that these "representatives of the four chief democratic parties" were unable or unwilling to drop Sosnkowski unless Stalin and the Red Army made them.

Unable to settle the question of personalities, we raised the question of Poland's eastern border. The Polish position was that friendship between Poland and Russia is very important—to this I nodded—but that the Polish people "couldn't feel friendship toward Russia if Russia took Vilna and Lvov, historic Polish cities."

Your correspondent was less impressed by the claim itself—which might be only bargaining—than by the persistent use of the term "Russia" as "taking," which completely ignores the local feeling of the inhabitants of those cities. The Moscow Press is just now reporting mass meetings in Lvov shouting "Hail the Soviet Ukraine" and passing resolutions that begin, "We, the citizens of this ancient Ukrainian city . . ." Even if the Poles consider the Lithuanian and Ukrainian Republics as Stalin's diplomatic fiction, they might wisely—under present circumstances—give lip service to Soviet terminology when asking Moscow's support.

Meanwhile the Red Army sweeps through Poland and items appear in the Moscow press about Polish girl students hanging garlands on Soviet tanks, Polish peasants bringing out bread and salt, Polish villagers lining the roads with offerings of flowers, apples, and cherries, and Polish townsfolk in mass meetings singing the Polish national anthem and cheering the Red Army.

One dramatic wire from Floront reports that a Polish girl ran across a wheatfield under German fire to warn the Red Army. She fell wounded, was picked up by Soviet surgeons, and delivered the message while being bandaged. Another describes a small-town recruiting station for the new Polish army flying two flags from the roof, "the red and white flag of Poland hidden for five years through God knows what peril and a Red flag made out of a tablecloth, to greet the liberators."

The Polish delegation from London is painfully anxious to climb on the Red Army bandwagon, which moves with the power and speed of the swiftest tank. All the Soviet leaders also want them to get on. Every Russian I have met strongly desires to combine "all democratic elements" of the Polish London government with the Liberation Committee in almost any proportion that will facilitate an immediate, harmonious, democratic civil administration in Poland. But will it succeed?

Soviet leaders feel that the situation is most important, not because the Polish government in London is important but because the slightest rift between the world democratic forces is for them today a tragic thing.

One Moscow editor expressed it to me in this way: "It is not enough to have a military victory. This is already secure. Everybody knows it, in Finland, in Hungary, in Turkey, even in Germany. Therefore the Hungarian government crisis, Finland's state emergency, Turkey's break with Hitler, and even in Germany an inner conflict. Everyone knows the Nazis are beaten.

"But in all these countries Nazi elements plan for survival and hidden rule. The world needs a long peace—the Soviet Union perhaps most of all. This can be made possible only by the political and moral smashing of fascism. This is happening now in Italy and in Yugoslavia, but in Poland the Sosnkowski faction threatens both democracy and peace."

I asked, "Would the Soviet Union and the Red Army support the extension of the American form of capitalist democracy in Europe for a long period?" He nodded. "If this is the form the people in Europe choose, then Europe would be better than before." Then he added: "Paradise is a large country. Not all of it is the same Paradise, but all of it is better than Hell."

25 Years Ago in "The Nation"

SOME DAY, WE HOPE AND BELIEVE, the American people will find out what the League of Nations, as now planned, is really for. . . . Our view is, as we have repeatedly said, that the present League of Nations may become a device for enabling the economic exploitation of small and weak peoples without the risk and cost of war; . . . May the danger be guarded against soon!—*August 2, 1919.*

THE POWER AND SPLENDOR of Mr. Wilson's thought, the faith reposed in him by the plain people, the burning hopes and the new vision which he aroused deepen the tragedy. And the idealists throughout the world—who are indeed the plain people throughout the world, who lend a hand to an enemy in distress, and who would willingly beat their spears into pruning hooks—bewildered, defeated, betrayed, shoulder their burdens again. The braver even pluck up courage to seek anew the builder of more stately mansions. May their faith never fail!—A. A. BERLE, JR., *August 9, 1919.*

ALAS, POOR HUNGARY! The country seems destined to go from bad to worse: first, the administration of Karolyi, full of promise, and deliberately wrecked by the Allies; then Bela Kun and communism; and now a reaction to the monarchy under the dictatorship of Archduke Josef, with the Rumanians in control of Budapest, the whole complicated by a sudden outcropping of a most ominous anti-Jewish feeling. The challenge of this situation to the Peace Conference is most serious.—*August 16, 1919.*

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The Supreme Court Today

BY WALTON HAMILTON

II. Nine Minds, One Law

THE Supreme Court is made up of nine diverse and independent minds. With such a personnel an old fiction has this term come into a new importance. The "opinion of the Court" is delivered by one of its members. He is a solo performer, yet he speaks with authority. In a sense the opinion is a personal statement; each of the nine exhibits his distinctive idiom of argument and of language. Yet the opinion is seldom the piece the spokesman, if left to himself, would write, for he must hold a majority or he cannot say the final word. In effect his opinion is what is in the mind of a single justice, compromised by what the brethren will let pass. The practice puts a premium upon literary expression. In a Court made up of able, informed, resourceful men, reaching for a pen becomes a general habit. And, when the urge is to address Posterity, every justice is likely to regard his own voice as that which will best carry across the decades. If the brothers are one bench, they are—and promise to remain—nine men.

In current utterance, therefore, the higher law lacks a dogmatic quality. If a step ahead is taken, a dissent at least cautions, "Watch your step." If all go along, a concurrence of opinions may display a variety of reasons or serve to hold the ruling flexible. In all the work it is direction, rather than a laying down of the law, which is uppermost. In the field of civil liberties, where in the last war it floundered badly, the Court has been rather surefooted this time. Its common sense told it that a confession of murder obtained after a police inquisition had run a thirty-six-hour course was not "voluntary." The dissent, engagingly enough, came from justices who cannot take the daily round of two two-hour sessions without signs of restlessness. In the one case in which a confession was allowed, it is impossible among diverse views to pick out the opinion of the Court. It was held, no brother to the contrary, that its official could not refuse to produce in court the records of his union—for the rule that a man cannot be compelled to testify against himself is purely "personal." The judgment is of the utmost importance, for it will apply to all executives in respect to their corporations. Its decision that the conscripted youth does not pass out of civil and under military law until he is actually inducted makes sense. A duet holding that martial law begins with the notice to report testifies to a will to dissent which cannot be quenched by a lack of reasons. On the last day of the term the sentences of two persons accused of sedition, fascist style, were reversed—one by an unanimous bench, the other by a vote of five to four. And in a case in which a lower court was reversed and spanked for taking away a man's political rights, Murphy sanely remarked that a naturalized citizen is "not required to imprison himself in an intellectual and spiritual straitjacket." The Court as a whole has been singularly immune to the war hysteria which paralyzes all civil rights.

A lack of unanimity on labor questions is alike chronic and deceptive. A vestige of the antique appears now and then. The federal employer's liability is still being interpreted as in the palmy days of due process, and the deceased—vicariously of course—must demonstrate his "master's" negligence. In a dissent, Black admits that judges are the better versed in formal logic and in legal principles, but wonders if engineers and brakemen do not have a little the edge in knowing how to operate a railroad. At least they can see the danger in leaving a broken rail opposite a derailer. The majority was clear that the miner's underground journey to and from work is a part of his employment for which he is entitled to pay. The minority forsook reality for the hypothetics of how to interpret a statute. When some years ago the Wagner Act was found constitutional, the judicial battle was shifted to an advanced front. The Court, in a shorthand summary of many cases, has just proclaimed that "the refusal of an employer to bargain collectively with the employees' chosen representatives disrupts the employees' morale, deters their organizational activities and discourages their membership in unions." And, in a case which catches up a long course of cultural change, the bench has declared null and void a series of written agreements between a corporation and its workers. "The practice and philosophy of collective bargaining," said the Court, "looks with suspicion on individual advantage"; to "reserve a field for the individual contract is contrary to the very purpose of the Wagner Act." The spokesman was Jackson; Roberts alone dissented; the age of liberty of contract is ended.

In the public control of business the law's progress has been attended by many a backward look. The Court has, so far as the cases would allow, plugged loopholes in the national tax system; in public utilities it emancipated itself from "the old hodge-podge of fair value"; indulged administrative agencies with a wide latitude of discretion. It has narrowed the patent privilege; asserted the dominance of the public interest in patent cases;

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almost restored patent law to the advanced position from which it lapsed in the nineties. In the patent cases the clash between the levels on which the various members operate stand sharply out. In two cases a quadrumvirate of Douglas, Black, Murphy, and Rutledge, joined by Stone, refused firmly to throw the protection of a patent about an unpatented good. In a third case, the same group of four, this time joined by Jackson, found null and void a patent obtained by fraud, when some years ago the patent had been declared valid. The dissent did not question the rulings; instead it argued that, because the cases had been up before, they were not properly before the Court for decision. If one is to understand dissent it is necessary—as such instances show—to discover the question on which the brethren divide.

The great failure of the term has been in respect to regulation. After six months of sober deliberation, the Court allowed the great "glass container case" to go over. Its order indicates that it was persuaded that patents could not be used to create a private law for an industry; but the justices were unable, without further argument, to specify how a system of private industrial government was to be liquidated. Often the brethren fought the good old fight, for positions once sought by Brandeis, Stone, Cardozo in dissent—when the battle line had gone elsewhere. The "great liberals" sought to secure the independence of board, agency, and authority from judicial control in order that it might assert the public interest. But, if administrative oversight marks a revolution, commerce has staged its counter-revolution. It has converted controls which it must obey into sanctions which give immunity to its activities. The supremacy of the judiciary has in instance after instance been replaced by fealty to the honorable company. The majority, led by Frankfurter, is still decreeing an old freedom which masks a new dependence. The minority, with Douglas or Black as its voice, insists that judicial notice be taken of current reality. The clash appears in decisions which sustain the Interstate Commerce Commission as it guards the railroads against the competition of other forms of transport. It has been even more apparent in holdings affecting the Office of Price Administration. About the general powers of OPA, even its rather effective program of rent control, there is only a murmur of dissent. But legal illusion gets in devastating licks as the Court strikes down ceilings established by OPA and sustains rate schedules fixed by local authorities. As Douglas points out, so long as a state or a city can call anything it pleases a public utility, our fight against inflation is in serious jeopardy.

The dramatic story of the term cannot in its fulness be unfolded here. But a single case, decided at the next to last session, will serve to measure the health of the Court. An anti-trust action against a united front of fire insurance companies got hung up in a lower federal court in Georgia. The local judge could not see that the Sherman Act was aimed at insurance. The appeal, Roberts and Reed not sitting, had to be decided by a bench of seven. Black, joined by Douglas, Murphy, and Rutledge, found no legal obstacle in the way of the suit. In an opinion, in which the words are fitted to the very life of the thought, Black found that insurance is commerce; that the business is carried on "among the several states"; that Congress had set down no exception to its general command. In a common-sense way he disposed of "the precedent established three-quarters of a century ago" by pointing out that at that time the Court had refused to strike down state regulation in the name of a dormant power of Congress; and that the statement "insurance is not commerce" was at the most an unfortunate way of verbalizing a desired result. To a student of economics it is obvious that insurance is an aspect of the operation of the national economy; and only persons learned in the law could aspire to dissent. Yet three members of the Court proceeded to exhibit their skills in the sacred mystery. All of them—the newspapers did not catch it—admitted the power of Congress to regulate insurance; so on the Constitutional questions there was no division. But each had a decent reason for an unrealistic position. To Stone the judgment was revolutionary; insurance is now regulated by forty-eight separate states; this is no age in which to revise federal-state relationships. To Frankfurter the Congress which passed the Sherman Act knew that the Court had said "insurance is not commerce" and did not say to the contrary. For him evidence, which four of his brethren could not discover, is "overwhelming" that Congress intended to exempt insurance from anti-trust. His position is fortified by a rigmarole which he made up two years ago by which he can put labor, however local, under the Wagner Act yet exclude insurance from commerce. To Jackson, the most direct and least conceptual of the three, the Court had erred when it put insurance out of commerce. But upon that mistake an intricate system of control has been established and it is now too late to repent. In a word, error once vested must not be disturbed. To judges who shuddered at change—especially "at a time like this"—the higher legalism is a mighty arsenal.

And thus the Court ended a stormy and fruitful term, to meet again "at the time and place appointed by law." Its occasional displays of human behavior must not obscure a constructive performance; its newsy proneness to dissent must be set against the background of the more fundamental issues on which the brethren did not divide. If often its conduct has not been in accord with our angelic notions, the reason is that the public is let in on the performance. I wonder if any other agency of state—the Executive Office, the State Department, the High Military Command, the Maritime Commission, the

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War Production Board—could under a like scrutiny exhibit either more brotherly restraint or a more conscientious regard for the general welfare. And in the midst of intolerance, the Court stands out as the great exponent of tolerance. The Chief Justice, by his own example as well as precept, has encouraged each of his colleagues to enrich and humanize the law that is to be by speaking his own mind. Neither the law nor the Court is to be regimented so long as Stone sits. In less than a decade the Court has been transformed. It has ceased to be a super-legislature; it stands today, more firmly than any other agency of State, in the great American tradition.

Polls, Propaganda, and Politics

Between the Elections

FOR four years and longer the decisions have been developing which will be expressed in votes next November. It is a mistake to think of political campaigns as guiding most voters' choices. Most of the choices are already made. Even among those who are not yet sure how they will vote many safe predictions can be made on the basis of occupation and other social indices. The campaign is more apt to activate latent choices than to teach people how to vote.

A study of the Presidential election in 1940 showed that about half of the change which took place between the 1936 election and that of 1940 had been completed by May of 1940. The trends established during the first three and a half years were reinforced rather than reversed by the campaign itself.

There is no proof that the same relationship will hold this year, but one clue to what will happen in November may be discovered in what has already happened during the third Roosevelt term. In grand totals here is the picture.

In 1936 Democrats received 63 per cent of the major party vote.

In 1940 Democrats received 55 per cent of the major party vote.

In 1942 Congressional elections Democrats received 49 per cent of the major party vote, which needs to be increased by about four points to allow for the difference between Democratic strength in off years and Democratic strength in Presidential elections, giving an estimated 53 per cent of the major party vote as of 1942.

Now what is the picture as of convention time in 1944?

That depends on the poll you choose. Gallup's "American Institute of Public Opinion" has found a steady decline in the proportion of Democratic voters—from 55 per cent of those with a definite choice for either Republicans or Democrats in August, 1943, to *only 51 per cent* of those with a definite choice *in February, April, and June of 1944*. (The 7 per cent of all voters polled who were not definitely Republican or Democratic are not included in these comparisons. The Republican strength was therefore 45 per cent in August, 1943, rising to 49 per cent in 1944.)

Elmo Roper's *Fortune* poll estimates the probable Democratic vote, as of *June, 1944*, at *56 per cent of the major party vote*, leaving 44 per cent for Republicans (again excluding the 21 per cent of persons polled but not yet decided).

Between these two estimates lies a difference great enough to mean victory or defeat, for, as was explained last week, the Democrats with so much more than a majority in the Solid South need about 52 per cent of the total national vote to carry enough states to win.

Evidence from other polls cannot be decisive because it is not nation-wide. Minnesota gave Roosevelt 52 per cent of the major party vote in 1940, and the poll conducted by the Minneapolis *Star-Journal and Tribune* indicates 47 per cent for the Democrats now (excluding 23 per cent undecided). Iowa also gave Roosevelt 52 per cent of the major party vote in 1940, but the recent poll conducted by the Des Moines *Sunday Register* showed only 42 per cent who now "want the Democrats to win this fall" (excluding 23 per cent undecided). Gallup's "trial heat" for that region (West Central) showed 49 per cent for the Democrats in 1940 and 44 per cent today—an estimate in general accord with the regional polls.

If Gallup should be right, if support for Roosevelt has declined from 55 per cent in 1940 to 53 per cent in 1942 and 51 per cent today, and if the campaign, as usual, continues and accentuates the trend already under way, then Democratic prospects are not bright. The Gallup results are puzzling, however, in at least one respect. For some mysterious reason only 7 per cent of his respondents answered that they had not yet decided, as against 21 per cent to 23 per cent in the other polls. The latter figures are more common at this stage of the campaign—Gallup himself reported 17 per cent undecided at convention time in 1940.

How will the "undecideds" go? Even at Gallup's low estimate there are enough to swing the election. A study during the 1940 campaign showed, however, that the

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people who made up their minds at a late date responded to the same trends which had earlier influenced more alert voters. For example, if a drift toward the Republicans was under way in a given community, it showed first among the voters who had quickly made up their minds, and later influenced in the same direction and in about the same proportion those less interested voters who remained for a long time undecided. There is little reason to expect undecided voters to reverse a trend already apparent among those who have made their choice. One reservation may be noted. Many of the "undecided" are women in low-income homes; a large proportion usually do not vote. If the PAC or some other group activates these people, who ordinarily are not much interested in politics, that might change the picture. A later article in this series will be devoted to the probable vote among women.

It will be interesting to see in further polls whether these differences between the Gallup and *Fortune* polls diminish, and if so, toward which position. In 1940 the Gallup national forecast erred by 3 per cent; *Fortune* by less than 1 per cent.

One curious fact about the changes since 1940 is that class differences may have grown a little less acute. Labor, which gave Roosevelt 66 per cent of its major party vote in 1940, is now reported (Gallup, June 4) to be giving only 59 per cent of its voting strength to the Democrats. At the other end of the class scale, business men, who were 34 per cent for Roosevelt in 1940, are reported as 37 per cent Democratic today, when asked to choose between Roosevelt and Dewey. The relatively greater concern for foreign affairs today has probably influenced business attitudes somewhat. It will be interesting to watch the figures of the first polls after the nominating conventions. The data just cited were obtained before Dewey had been nominated. Usually the fact of nomination and the attendant publicity bring increased support for the new contender. But there is room for doubt as to whether the nomination this year aroused enough enthusiasm to boost the percentage of Republican voters above the levels of early June.

The shift in public attention from domestic controversy to foreign affairs seems to be reflected also in the regional changes that have taken place since 1940. Roosevelt has most nearly held his own in New England, where Gallup reports 52 per cent of the major party vote today as compared with 54 per cent in 1940. That is a region where there is little isolationism. He has lost most heavily in the mountain states (a drop from 56 per cent to 46 per cent) and among Mid-Western farmers (a drop from 45 per cent to 34 per cent), where isolationism has been especially pronounced. Confidence in Roosevelt versus Dewey to manage foreign policy may overshadow domestic disputes in 1944.

Of course, no poll can include the soldier vote. An estimate in the Public Opinion Quarterly (Summer, 1944, p. 172) is that if six million soldiers vote along with forty million civilians, the Democratic total will probably be raised by about 1½ per cent.

In the Wind

JACQUES BARTHAUT, news commentator on the Nazi-controlled Paris radio, in a recent broadcast had this to say about Spain: "The Jew Alvarez del Vayo is in Algiers assembling troops for resumption of the revolution in the Iberian peninsula. . . . Revolutionary preparations are being completed in territory controlled by the Anglo-Saxons with the consent of Washington and London. While in Madrid they reiterate assurances guaranteeing Spain against the return of armed Bolshevism, Roosevelt and Churchill assist the plots of Bogomolov and Del Vayo. It is now felt in Madrid that the only safeguard for Spain is the collapse of Bolshevism and the Allies. The Falangists are ready." [This all goes to show! The last we heard of *The Nation's* editor of Political War he was vacationing up the Hudson.]

WE LEARN that two large companies doing war work are encouraging their sales and promotion staffs, who have little to do these days, to engage in a "spontaneous" campaign, urging the more conservative employees to register and vote.

REGINALD E. GILLMOR, president of Sperry Gyroscope, reports that his company's experience with Negro workers in skilled jobs has been excellent. A considerable number of them are leaders. All of them get along well with white workers. And Negro workers in general, says Mr. Gillmor, "are neither so prone to absenteeism as other workers nor do they change or lose their jobs quite so frequently."

AN EIGHT-PAGE REPRINT from *Comic Cavalcade* is being distributed by the National Maritime Union, CIO. It is entitled "Heroes in Dungarees," and pictures the role of merchant seamen in delivering the goods to the fighting fronts. It presents arguments, on the comic-book level, in favor of unionism and against racial and religious discrimination.

WALTER F. CROWDER, chief of the distribution division of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, writing in *Printers' Ink*, says distribution costs "should go even higher and thus broaden market facilities, which would mean more production and more jobs."

A RECENT "March of Time" film presented an unsubtle defense of Ireland's neutrality. We now have at hand some advance publicity for a forthcoming film by the same outfit, attacking the British Empire.

FESTUNG EUROPA: Mrs. Vidkun Quisling is in a hospital. Melancholia. Her doctor has a police escort.

[*The prize for the best item received in July goes to* Labor News, *Long Beach, California, for the story of the formation of a policemen's union, published July 29.*]

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Friends, Romans, Monarchists!

BY GAETANO SALVEMINI

ON THE evening of July 13, a banquet was tendered in Rome to General Clark, commander of the Fifth Army, and to General Hume, AMG military commander of the Rome area. "The banquet was attended by several ladies of the Roman aristocracy," *Progresso-Italo-Americano* reported. And in one of his reports from Rome, Alexander M. Uhl, *PM* correspondent, made the following comment:

> The Monarchy's staunchest supporters are the old Roman aristocrats whose chief job at the moment is the charming of all the high ranking British and American officers that come their way, particularly of the Allied Control Commission and the AMG. For the most part it isn't too difficult.
>
> They have lovely apartments or houses. They have servants, and good food from the black market. And for the most part they speak excellent English, always a tremendous advantage in dealing with men who don't know Italian. Right now the Roman season is on in full swing for these charming people.

Many Italian noblemen gilded their escutcheons by marrying wealthy American women. The Rome correspondent of the Associated Press mentioned just a few of these ladies in a report on June 17: Countess Roberti, whose father is Ogden H. Hammond of New York, a former Ambassador to Spain; Countess Casardi, the former Virginia Harris of Columbia, Missouri; the Duchess of Villarosa, a friend of Churchill and Bernard Baruch (her son by a former marriage, Robert Goelet, Jr., is a grand-nephew of the late Brigadier General Cornelius Vanderbilt). The list could be swelled by hundreds of names.

In Florence, the number of American-born or English-born, or at least English-speaking, gentlewomen and noblemen is no smaller than in Rome. Even before reaching the "City of Flowers," one of the AMG officers came across Marchesa Torrigiani, wife of the late Marchese Carlo Torrigiani, a gentleman-in-waiting of the Duchess of Aosta. The Marchesa was Lucy Davies of Worcester, Massachusetts, a relative of former Governor John Davies of Massachusetts and a descendant of James Russell Lowell. Marchesa Torrigiani's town house had been taken over by General Schelwitz, the German commandant of Florence, "an awfully nice man," who paid her a visit in the country and gave her an automobile permit. The Marchesa was very much upset by an unbelievable insult she had suffered. Her insensitive chauffeur had become "mysteriously indoctrinated with subversive democratic thought" to the point of joining up with the local Partisans. The AMG officer, apparently having nothing else to do, talked with the fellow and told him that certain things simply are not done. The chauffeur grew wise and "came around asking for his job." But the Marchesa had inherited the firmness of her great-grandfather, a Boston Howard. She told him that it was not going to be as easy as all that; she would let him work for another month and then decide what to do with him.

Besides members of the Anglo-Saxon-Italian nobility, the AMG officers are meeting representatives of American firms in Italy. On July 2, Major Paul D. Shrivet, Regional Property Control Officer for the Rome area, sent the good tidings to America that forty American concerns, representing investments in Rome of about $30,000,000, are enjoying enviable health:

> Firms now under protection of the control office include the American Express, Otis Elevator, International Business Machines, Eastman Kodak, General Electric, Western Electric, Barclay's Bank of London, the Italian-American Bank, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Paramount, Warner Brothers and other film exchanges, Singer Sewing Machine, and a dog track. . . . The dog track is owned jointly by American and British interests. . . . Arrangements are being made whereby the track proceeds will be devised among the American, British, and Italian Red Cross when the course reopens. (New York *Times*, July 3, 1944.)

Most of these gentlewomen, noblemen, and big-business men yesterday were loyal Fascists and Nazis, and today, consequently, are loyal Monarchists. As such, they are naturally much concerned with the communist menace. Unanimously, they see but one protection against such a menace: a prolonged occupation by the American and British armies. The Associated Press has imparted to us an inkling of their forebodings and desires:

> A large part of Italy's population, especially business men and others with property, are fearful of what may happen when the country is given back to the Italians. Some think Italy will go communist; some think there will be civil war; some think the people will flounder for lack of leadership. Some Italians are saying the present Bonomi government is a Kerensky government which will lead to communism. . . . One Rome business man said: "The Allies ought to stay here and govern the country for five years. How can a

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people with so little training in governing themselves take over the most difficult reconstruction job in history?" And then he said: "I'm afraid that as soon as the war is over America will go isolationist again, and the British will pull out, too. Then there's almost sure to be civil war and communism." (New York *Herald Tribune,* June 16.)

Other American and probably British correspondents told the same story. A journalist, essayist, and politician, once an intimate of Mussolini, who has given up his Fascist ways and, quite logically, is now a Monarchist, told Edd Johnson, correspondent of the Chicago *Sun*: "The United States must build up Italy as a bulwark against the Bolshevist menace. You can be sure of Italy only if you give us a strong government. It will not be necessary to do this openly. You can invest your capital in our industries and rebuild them, but you must leave a strong government to protect your interests. Through your capital you can continue to control the country and make sure that it does not fall into Bolshevism. . . . Your leaders were wise in favoring the monarchy. It will be the best thing for Italy if the monarchy continues."

Richard Morgan writes in the Chicago *Daily News*:

A lot of people in Rome, from the highest authorities down, have been wondering how long the Allies will stay in Italy. "You must not leave too soon," one influential Italian said to an American official. "We need time to recover our senses. We could not stand serious internal strife after what we have been through." A Hungarian writer, who has been known in Rome intimately for eight years, gazed out of his apartment window and told me sadly: "The worst agony for Italy will be the day when the Allies depart and leave the Italians alone, all by themselves."

If that Hungarian writer was known in Rome for eight years, he went there in 1936 when the Rome-Berlin Axis was created, and if he has remained in Italy ever since, he must not have been too unfriendly to the Fascists and the Nazis. No wonder he thinks that Anglo-Saxon military occupation is indispensable.

It may not seem logical in Italy today to combine fear of Bolshevism with loyalty to the Monarchy. Was not the communist Trojan horse brought into the Italian government in April, 1944, precisely by a Prime Minister loyal to the King and to Marshal Badoglio? But probably Italian Monarchists expect the horse sooner or later to be demolished by the very men who brought it in. If American and British armies are at hand, obstacles will be easily overcome when the moment to strike arrives.

The business man who confided his fears to the correspondent of the Associated Press asked for five years of Anglo-Saxon protection. In the Vatican, longer-range views prevail. According to the New York *Times,* on May 11, 1944, a plan for the reconstruction of Italy was "elaborated in a special message from Pope Pius XII to Archbishop Spellman of New York." This scheme provides for "a ten-year plan of political metamorphosis. . . . During this period, civil administration would be handed back to the people at certain definite stages." By whom would it be handed back? Why, by the American and British military authorities, who keep law and order in the country. And who will be "the people"? Why, the people loyal to the House of Savoy and big business. That same General Hume, who was wined and dined by the ladies of the Roman aristocracy on the evening of July 13, told the Associated Press correspondent, on December 19, 1943, that "the AMG's task in Italy is *not* to squash Fascism." And this last June he said: "The problem of what to do with the Fascists, *against whom many people have believed this war was directed,* (italics mine), remains unresolved." (Chicago *Sun,* June 15, 1944.) The ladies of the Roman aristocracy need not worry. The problem seems to be in safe hands.

It is doubtful, however, whether the majority of the American and British people will agree to leave troops in Italy for five, let alone ten years after the war has come to an end, merely to please the nobility, big business, and the Vatican, especially if the threat of "Bolshevism" is used to keep them. Joseph Stalin has become our dearest friend. Will we have to break with him as soon as the war is over in order to still the fears of upper-class Italians and their American collaborators? Some more suitable argument will have to be devised to make a five- or ten-year occupation palatable.

The argument is at hand. The Italians need to be reeducated, educated to democracy. This job already is on its way. It will be interesting to see how it is carried out.

(This is the first of two articles by Dr. Salvemini. The second will deal with Allied plans for the education of the Italian people.)

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

HERE is a news story just four lines long, which might serve as prologue to a most interesting chapter in the future history of Germany. It is a dispatch from Berlin to the Stockholm *Aftontidningen* of July 29:

Himmler has issued an order prohibiting the dyeing or altering of Party uniforms, and also prohibiting the changing of boots to make them look like shoes. Offenders are threatened with the death penalty.

So they are already starting that sort of thing, while Himmler is still there. When he disappears and the

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Allies come, the rank and file of the Party, with dizzy speed and miraculous thoroughness, will have dyed, altered, and removed all signs of the past. The insinuation that anyone had ever had anything to do with boots or brown uniforms, either on his person or in his heart, will be an undemonstrable slander and a deeply wounding insult.

More details of the latest "total mobilization" are now at hand. Among the various new measures for conserving labor are several which can only be described as scandalous. Consider, for example, this order by the "Reichsführer of the Dentists," released to the press by the official news bureau on July 31:

> Only treatment vital to health may henceforth be given. Treatment which is just desirable is no longer permitted; for instance, no bridging of gaps between teeth by insertion of fixed substitutes known as bridges. Plates may be replaced only if front teeth or several molars are missing. Crowns are permissible only when the dentist considers such work to be indispensable for the conservation of indispensable teeth. Teeth with deep cavities or affected roots should be extracted in any case, since proper treatment would take too much time.

Other measures might have some point if they were really new, if they were being applied now for the first time; but the solemn prohibition of residential construction and street repairs "except in cases of the most urgent necessity" merely makes official a condition which has actually prevailed for a long time, and a sudden tightening of the screws at this late date can't possibly have much effect. The same can be said of the measures described by the Berlin correspondent of the Stockholm *Tidningen* on July 28:

> Even women over sixty-five are conscripted for work in stores and for light manufactures at home. Children under fifteen are given much more responsible jobs than hitherto. Again, thousands of stores will be closed and their staffs sent to the armed forces or the factories. From now on only one barber shop and one stationery store will be permitted in each district. Many movie theaters, legitimate theaters, and restaurants will be closed. The population is urged to eat in *Volksküchen* (community kitchens where people bring their own food). Maid service will be permitted only in the most urgent cases.

The same paper reveals another device for increasing the output of labor:

> In factories, a food distribution system is now being introduced, scaling food allotments in accordance with piece-rate production. Those who produce more get more or better food.

The old "combing-out" procedure has been revived, once again, to catch up with "shirkers"—both real and imaginary—and to eliminate "superfluous" occupations. A dispatch to the Stockholm *Tidningen* reports:

> Himmler and Bormann have examined the entire Nazi organization and are sending tens of thousands of officials to the front and into factories. This is largely done to pacify the army, which for some time has maintained that many Nazi officials were simply shirkers.

And *Aftontidningen* of July 29 says:

> Ninety thousand post office workers have been conscripted. Even the military mail service has been reduced by half, and the soldiers will get letters only once a week.

All these things may make available a certain number of new recruits (of doubtful quality) for the army and the war industries. But such measures as the one reducing military mail service can only worsen conditions that are already critical. Measures that hit the soldiers at the front, increasing their irritation and war-weariness, are extremely dangerous. Considering how much the fighting spirit of the troops has already deteriorated, one would think the Nazis would avoid such steps. But they have already taken one more dangerous than any of these, merely because it promises the greatest numerical results: they are trying to use soldiers as workers.

Hitherto, the personnel of the army has not been employed in building fortifications, military roads, etc. Such work has been done by the "Todt Organization," the "Speer Organization," and similar outfits. Now, however, the hundreds of thousands of men in these organizations are to be released for armed service or work in the war industries, and henceforth their work is to be done by regiments of soldiers stationed on quiet fronts and inside Germany. The work is in addition to their military duties. *Das Reich*, Goebbels's personal organ, announced the new system on July 27:

> German soldiers, with the exception of the sappers, seem to think that they need not work physically while in uniform. These days no branch of the armed forces can merely let others serve them. The entire Wehrmacht must become an untiring work camp, where perhaps less singing will be heard but more hard work will be done.

Consider: a regiment, decimated in weeks of heavy fighting, is transferred to an inactive sector; there, against all traditions, it must work eight to ten hours a day, digging, mixing concrete, and laying track. The feelings of such a regiment are best left undescribed. The Nazis' chances will not be improved if, in the midst of obvious military disintegration, they double the soldiers' burdens.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Approaching Ur

A SKELETON KEY TO FINNEGANS WAKE. By Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

THIS volume is the first full and painstaking attempt to translate, page by page, the dream-language of Joyce's last work into English. The authors have attempted to trace, furthermore, "in thin lines" the skeletal structure of the enormous and baffling book. They have provided a synopsis of the whole, given indicative names to the four large sections and to the chapters. They have identified and translated many of Joyce's quotations—those in identifiable human tongues. They have tried to keep his alternately looming and dissolving characters straight; listed references and cross-references in footnotes; have labored, that is, to give the reader some intelligible ground to stand on and some recognizable space to move around in. Like archaeologists, whose tasks theirs of necessity so much resemble, they have uncovered one more layer of Joyce's extraordinary verbal buried city. They also supply, in an introduction and conclusion, another fairly impassioned defense of the book as a work of art, and of Joyce as a great conscious artist.

The quality of being *closed* becomes more and more evident as expert attention is directed toward "Finnegans Wake." The book does not seem, like certain structures of great literature, to be a tower or high place, built on earth and open at the top and on all sides to the Nature about it. Into a limited locale (at its largest, Dublin, on the island of Ireland) are brought all ages of man and some of nature. In one narrow room and one sleeping mind, the developing human faculties, from the brute upward, grow and dissolve and re-form. The circle of Vico's history is superimposed upon the circle of Dublin. Macrocosm and microcosm, symbol and reality, inextricably mix.

The present "translation" proceeds page by page; but the translators have of necessity chosen certain passages, and what has seemed to them the core of these passages, for detailed comment. It is interesting to notice what portions of a knotty (or merely repetitive) passage the elucidators have separated out; and what portions—sometimes containing matter which another observer might consider interesting or crucial—they omit. The footnotes, too, while generally filled with the most helpful kind of information, have moments of complete blankness as to what the text seems to present in the most forcible way. The use of this "key" is therefore stimulating to the thoughtful student in more ways than one. It brings up new problems with every step of ground it clears.

Time must pass, and thorough research be made, before certain fundamental questions concerning "Finnegans Wake" can be answered. One question that comes to mind is: are we dealing with a work (always granting that it is work of incontestable genius) essentially small in inner meaning and even in essential design, a work that has nevertheless exfoliated into a *semblance* of growth and complexity? Are we dealing, that is, with a work, the product of a man and artist who has never come into maturity? Or are we dealing with an essentially great work, the product of a man and artist who has suffered life and transcended his suffering; who is no longer the victim of his talent, his circumstances, or the tensions within his own character, but has become master of them all? Are we getting from this fantastically distorted and interwoven speech, these amazingly contrapuntalized themes, illumination and truth; or are we being led into the mystery of a childish individual's dreaming game, with the rigmaroles and jokes and tricks of the child (or immature man) presented to us neat?

Joyce's lyric gifts, his full equipment as a trained realist, his ingenuity as a fabulist, his skill as a parodist, his sharp wit and Jesuit-trained learning, his innate musician's ear—these attributes are as clearly evident in "Finnegans Wake" as they are in any piece of writing he ever produced. What difference does it make if we are listening to the operations of neurosis, more than to the supposed operations of sleep; we have heard such operations in great pieces of literature before this. Even if Joyce was a sick man, we are listening to a writer who was in many ways a martyr to his genius and to his age. But we want to penetrate the disguises he has had to throw about himself; or the symptoms he has been forced to assume. We have this desire not out of niggling curiosity, but out of real interest: that we may receive the help and refreshment that any true artist's struggle with his material gives us, particularly when we are caught with him into the same deforming time.

The poet and the "comic fabulist" are equipped with uncommon gifts, by which they are able to get around interior "censorship." They have tricks, as it were, to get the information through. They transpose the dangerous and (actually) untellable truths of the subconscious into imaginative terms, not easy to bring, otherwise, into the light of day. What strikes the more detached observer when faced with the extreme opacities of certain portions of "Finnegans Wake" is the certainty that concealed beneath his very eyes is a *submerged* fable having to do *directly* with Joyce, with Joyce's relations to the world, with Joyce's attitude to his time. Is not the whole book a masked attempt at the fullest *apologia pro vita sua* that Joyce has yet given us? And this last "confession" and apology certainly must be more revealing (consciously or unconsciously) than anything written in his earlier career. Under the ostensible action, under H. C. Earwicker and Anna Livia Plurabelle, and Shem and Shaun, and the multitude of other clear or ambiguous figures, from time to time another drama shows: the drama of Joyce's own life, up to the writing of the book, and *during* the writing of the book. It is a drama terrifically malicious in expression; it flays one contemporary after another; it brings down all façades of learning and worship in one mass of mocked-at débris. Joyce is doing more than returning compulsively to the Dublin from which he is an exile. He is razing more than Dublin structures with the fires of his love and hatred.

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What exterior situation, then, brought Joyce to the pass where, to get his secret across, he had to resort to a kind of desperate cunning? To resort, as well, to the often monotonous, often trivial, often brutal, ruses of the accomplished *farceur?* Or to the insistent sobbing minor lyric passage? (It seems at times that these two "tones" are the only ones in the book.) Does this work stand like a terrible half-buried monument, both to the recent past and the near future: outlining a deforming epoch when art must become oblique expression —a joking show, a wry song, a cock-eyed cinema-mythology —in order to exist at all?

"The price of virtuosity is abject slavery to a complaisant tool; that of creative artistry is wilful dominance over a recalcitrant tool." What do we finally see in Joyce: virtuoso or artist; compulsive neurotic or a writer with himself entirely in hand? This question requires a deeper analysis than has yet been dared by Joyce students and disciples. It is not a skeleton key we need, so much as eyes to see in spiritual (was it?) darkness; and ears with which to separate cunning (are they?) confusions. LOUISE BOGAN

The Gentle Anti-Fascist

GERMANY AND EUROPE: A SPIRITUAL DISSENSION. By Benedetto Croce. Translated and with an Introduction by Vincent Sheean. Random House. $1.50.

THIS small volume of 83 pages (of which 24 are taken up by an irrelevant introduction by the translator) contains four brief essays on Germany by the Italian historian and philosopher. Three of them, "The Germany We Love," "War as Ideal," and "Duties and Duty," are minor expositions of the well-meaning liberal attitude that is incapable of effective action when confronted by anti-liberal forces which challenge and mutilate the liberal spirit but promise at least, as have Nazism and Fascism, not to destroy its economic basis. In this unpleasant situation the liberal tends to stall and to compromise in the sphere of political reality while maintaining his good conscience by means of humane and courageous private conduct. This book is a distinguished expression of the liberal state of mind. This is said without malice. But respect for Croce's literary achievements and his personality must not make us overlook his political position as a "disciplined citizen." So he calls himself.

In the main essay, "Confessions of an Italian 'Germanophile,' who cannot discover within himself in this respect anything for which he should repent," Croce dissociates himself from those crude and doubtful anti-Nazis who are anti-German almost to the same degree that Hitler is anti-Semitic. But he completely accepts the thesis that a fundamental dissension exists between Germany and Europe. According to this thesis, as put forward by a "learned German," Nazism is—in Croce's formulation—"a terrible crisis which has been brooding in the history of Germany through centuries." The "learned German" fixes precisely the birth-date of this unfortunate development—in 9 B.C., on the day when Varus was defeated by Arminius. That battle "decided the Romans to renounce forever the Romanization of Germany, abandoning that country to itself." Today, almost two thousand years later, we are supposed to experience the consequences: Naz-

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ism, led by a son of Austria, surely one of the "other European regions" where an affinity exists that "emanates from the inexhaustible vitality of Latin culture." Croce does not seriously probe the perplexing fact that this vital Latin culture has been unable to protect Italy from Mussolini and Fascism, or Spain from Franco, or Austria from Dollfuss (Mussolini's friend and pupil), or France from collaborationists. He also ignores completely the fact that the lack of Roman culture in Scandinavia, England, and America produced in these countries neither Fascism nor Nazism on a grand scale, and that there conceptions of political freedom are cherished which have become, to some extent at least, realities.

To his satisfaction, it seems, Croce has solved these contradictions for Italy, by calling Fascism "a superfetation foreign to the history of Italy" and by illustrating this with a little dialogue that once took place between him and a "Nazi Greek scholar":

> Croce: All things considered, we Italians are greatly superior to the Germans.
>
> The Nazi: Superior, why?
>
> Croce: Because our Italians, which is to say those of us who play the Fascists, know that they are acting in complete bad faith, but Germans believe in it for true.
>
> The Nazi: And what is the superiority in that?
>
> Croce: This: that we, with our bad faith, at least keep the intellect lucid, and we remain bad men, but men, whereas you lose it altogether and become beasts.

This seems to me not much more than an indulgence in cynicism, which the Italian, Austrian, Ethiopian, Spanish, Greek, and Yugoslav victims of the Blackshirts will hardly be able to appreciate.

Croce's outlook on the future is, of course, brightened by humane intentions. But he answers merely the democratic victims of Hitler's propaganda when he says:

> What a misfortune it would be if race were that which the Nazis and the philosophers of Nazism believe! The Germans in that case would be outside of history and humanity, irreducible to the former and unredeemable for the latter. But this concept is a phantasm of disordered and incoherent imaginations—as are, by reaction, the excogitations which nowadays are springing up in order to diminish the number of Germans, of sterilizations on the example given by the Germans themselves, or of chopping up Germany into little states to which all union or federation would be forbidden, supposing them for this reason easier to watch over. Multiple foolishness thus replies to folly, thinking so to defeat it. But foolishness can be dissolved only by reasonableness, which alone is capable likewise of resisting the blind impulses of passion, even when those were originally set in motion by moral indignation.

Croce expects much from "the shame which it [Germany] cannot help but feel over the evil for which it has made itself the instrument." This shame "will be converted into a force of good—as with those great saints who were once great sinners." But how long will it take the Germans to get rid of an alleged character which has been formed during two thousand years? Will it be a conversion overnight, or a long historical process as Croce seems to indicate by saying: . . . "The evil to be cured has an historical nature, was historically born and will historically die." True, but the problem is what to do tomorrow.

"Germany and Europe" packs into its small space a great deal of disappointment. I am afraid it will merely add to the confusion that characterizes the debate about Germany in the wide circle of those who defend the status quo, who see no way out from the impasse apparently reached between personal liberty on one side and economic efficiency and security on the other, and who do not want to understand that Fascism and Nazism are features of the social revolution on the march everywhere, whether we like it or not. Such persons manipulate the doubtful category of a people's character, and other metaphysical and psychological concepts, as if nations as a whole had reached anywhere a level of freedom, education, and health upon which clear-cut responsibilities could be assigned. Of course historical elements do color the actions of people, but the emergence of fascist tendencies in every nation proves that they cannot be attributed to a single people.

Croce ignores completely the political consequences of industrial and technological progress, as most liberals incline to do. But neither nostalgia, nor stalling and compromise, nor a humanistic optimism will change the ugly face of present-day reality. In contrast to the tremendous developments that are taking place all over the world, this kind of inquiry and its results have already the appearance of atavism. They have as much to do with reality as the schemes of Versailles had twenty-five years ago.

FRANZ HOELLERING

Stage Business in Shakespeare

SHAKESPEARE AND THE ACTORS: THE STAGE BUSINESS IN HIS PLAYS (1600-1905). By Arthur Colby Sprague. Harvard University Press. $5.

MANY people are fascinated by antiquarian lore concerning the theater, and much of it is exceedingly curious even if there is not much else to be said about it. There seems, on the other hand, no good reason for doubting that some of the great actors of the eighteenth century, for instance, really *were* great, no matter how inadequate their scenic arrangements may have been and no matter how slovenly elementary stage discipline often was. And for that reason knowledge of their methods can be of interest not only to the antiquarian but to others as well.

No contemporary description survives to give us the faintest or most general idea of even the broad style of Burbage (for whom Shakespeare's major tragedies were written), but from the time of the Restoration on more or less illuminating comments on actors are available and many of them have been used again and again by historians. The author of the present volume has, nevertheless, made a genuine contribution. He set himself the laborious task of examining surviving prompt books and "acting editions" of Shakespeare's plays, as well as the contemporary criticisms of actors, and from these sources he has collected bits of information now so arranged that the reader may conveniently ascertain (in so far, of course, as the author has been able to discover) what "business" the various famous performers of a part employed in this or that important scene in twenty-three of Shakepseare's plays. The period covered is 1660-1905 and thus approximately the same as that of Odell's

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standard "Shakespeare from Betterton to Irving," but Mr. Sprague has limited himself to one single aspect of the subject, which he can therefore treat in fuller detail, and his book is a valuable supplement to the older one.

The plays most completely covered are "Hamlet," "Othello," and "Macbeth," these being among those which have most consistently maintained their popularity and been longest acted in versions nearest the original. "Hamlet" is accorded fifty-eight pages, "Macbeth" almost as many, and though, even so, the material thus presented is more or less fragmentary, it is full of things both surprising and illuminating. One shudders to learn that at one time Horatio used to give Bernardo his hand to illustrate his supposed meaning when Bernardo asks, "Is Horatio there?" and Horatio replies, "A piece of him." One shudders equally when one is told that Bernhardt used to knock the heads of Rosenkranz and Guildenstern together to show how little she valued them and that she caught a fly to illustrate "Buzz, buzz." But not by any means all the ingenuity which has been expended was so misplaced. Dover Wilson's insistence that Hamlet should reveal his distrust of Marcellus when he addresses Horatio in the former's presence was anticipated by Henderson and Kemble, though Garrick had overlooked the point. The problem of what to do when Hamlet says, "Look here, upon this picture and on that"—a problem which recent Hamlets have solved in diverse ways—was long ago solved in both the two ways still most current and also in a third. Hamlet may carry miniatures, he may merely imagine them, or he may (and this seems to have been the Restoration solution) point to pictures on the wall.

Mr. Sprague advances few theories and indulges in few generalizations. For the most part he is content to give fact after fact, and for his purpose the method is certainly the proper one. It does not, however, make for easy reading, and his book will probably be read from beginning to end only by those who have a very deep interest in the subject. But it will be widely useful as a reference work. Nowhere else can one find in such profusion answers to questions which inevitably arise, not only when one of the great plays is to be staged but when a careful reader tries to visualize an action. In an amazing number of instances one will be able to discover what one or more of the great actors of the past did during a scene which can be interpreted in more ways than any single reader is likely to think of.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Negro in Industry

ORGANIZED LABOR AND THE NEGRO. By Herbert R. Northrup. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

DR. NORTHRUP'S book fills an important need, for it brings together in one volume more up-to-date information on its subject than can be found elsewhere in readily accessible form. The author has not only carried on considerable field work and made extensive use of primary sources; his work also represents in large measure the fruit of an unprecedented amount of research by others during the past five years. Much of his material is based on the comprehensive manuscript prepared under the direction of Dr. Paul H. Norgren for the "Negro in America" inquiry sponsored by the Carnegie Corporation of New York. Moreover, Dr. Northrup has made good use of the valuable material accumulated by the President's Employment Practices Committee as well as recent information obtainable from other government sources and from miscellaneous publications.

As the title indicates, major emphasis is placed upon the relation of the Negro worker to trade unions. Yet adequate presentation of this subject when applied to particular industries necessarily involves a preliminary analysis of the Negro's position in the industry, or group of industries, concerned. In fact, at least one-third of the book deals with this aspect and thus a two-fold presentation is obtained. After an introductory chapter portraying the diverse policies of American trade unions with respect to Negro wage earners, nine industries or industrial groups (and the grouping is somewhat arbitrary) are discussed: construction; railroads; tobacco processing; textiles, clothing, and laundries; longshore work; coal mining; iron and steel; automobiles and aircraft; and shipbuilding.

Dr. Northrup's thesis emphasizes the importance of environmental factors in determining the racial policies of trade unions. But the very dependence of union policies upon social-economic factors means that they are flexible in the

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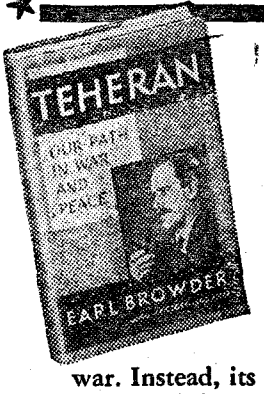

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long run. Thus the increased strength of the industrial unions, principally the CIO, the more clearly enunciated policy of government with respect to equality of opportunity, along with the general increase in governmental control of the labor market, are placing exclusionist unions on the defensive and making more difficult the extension of organization by discriminatory unions into new fields. The author concludes by recommending that present legislation be amended to the end that no union discriminating against workers on racial grounds may receive the protection of state or federal labor relations laws, or of agencies engaged in the mediation or arbitration of industrial disputes. He advocates that all closed shop agreements involving discriminatory unions be specifically declared illegal. The federal anti-discrimination program sanctioned by Carey McWilliams is approved.

The book contains several inaccuracies. For example, Ford has a union shop, not a closed shop agreement, which is generally construed to entail union hiring control; the Seafarers International Union does not exclude Negroes entirely but admits as members only those employed in the Stewards' Department. The United States Post Office does not bargain with the Railway Mail Association in the sense that private employers haggle with unions over wages and conditions of employment, as the author indicates. Railway mail clerks are under Civil Service, and practically the only instances in which the federal government, or its agents, does bargain in peacetime are in the operations of the Inland Waterways Corporation and the TVA. Many of these inaccuracies are due to overgeneralization and the occasional use of unreliable or incomplete sources, but do not noticeably alter the reliability of the general picture.

The concluding chapter is the most thought-provoking in the book yet one is forced to conclude that the broader implications of the proposals advanced as well as the administrative problems entailed are largely overlooked. The chapter raises more questions in the reader's mind than it answers. In fact the 250 pages allotted to the entire work are totally insufficient to do justice to a subject as complex as that chosen by the author. This indeed is the principal shortcoming of the book.

LLOYD H. BAILER

Clothes-Horse History

THE WAY OUR PEOPLE LIVED: AN INTIMATE AMERICAN HISTORY. By W. E. Woodward. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.95.

THOUGH one may quarrel occasionally with his judgments, Woodward has given us many lively and provocative books on the American scene. This is not one of them, which is our loss, for the basic idea, while not new, is excellent—a portrait of the average American down the ages.

Here are Boston three centuries ago, a Puritan village in 1680, a Virginia plantation of the early eighteenth century, New York about 1750, Philadelphia at the time of Independence, Augusta (Georgia) when King Cotton was just mounting his throne, Cincinnati as the westward surge reached flood time, the trek of the Forty-niners and early San Francisco, the Windy City at the time of the great fire of 1871, a Southern mill town in the 1880's (autobiographical and by far the best section in the book), and the gaudy splendor of New York at the turn of the century.

A varied bill of fare, to be sure, but to this reader's taste disappointingly flat and downright dull. There are many interesting details about every-day existence here and there, but the book never jells in whole or in part.

In telling his story Woodward chose to present in each sketch a cast of characters, some real and some fictitious, and then put them through their paces to make more graphic the manner of their lives. The intent was good, but more than that was required. Whatever his other talents, Woodward has not the storyteller's gift for creating characters—they are as wooden as the cigar-store Indians he speaks of—and his ear for dialogue is wretched. As he has one of his characters say after meeting McGuffey (of the famous School Readers), he "lectures us—and everybody, for that matter—just as if we were a class of college students. You can't have any conversation when he's present. He doesn't discuss anything; he just tells you what's what, and lets it go at that."

To which the "petulant" girl's mother replies (perhaps speaking also for Woodward): "I don't see any objection to that. . . . I want people to tell me whatever I don't know, and I can listen all day. Everything the professor said interested me."

Well, it didn't me.

After all, you can't get much of an idea of the way our people lived when the people never come alive. There's nothing very "intimate" or revealing about a clothes-horse.

GEORGE WILLISON

Fiction in Review

I AM not sure I know what Christopher LaFarge means when, in the preface to "East by Southwest" (Coward-McCann, $2.50), he speaks of his stories as a fictional supplement to war reporting. Perhaps he is describing only those pieces in his collection which, though superficially cast in the form of fiction, have no plot and merely trace certain recurrent patterns of war conduct—how fatigue shows itself, how gossip circulates, and so on. But on the other hand, his volume includes several perfectly orthodox short stories to which Mr. LaFarge's statement of his dependence on fact is irrelevant; these stories may suffer from being written too quickly but they wear no special documentary stamp. For instance, All the Comforts of Home, the first piece in the collection, is an account of the mounting chagrin of a French official who, having been told to arrange recreation for the incoming American forces, transforms the best hotel on his island into an officers' brothel: it is a story full of dry charm, somewhat suggestive of the manner and literary tradition of Harold Nicolson's "Some People." Or the last piece in Mr. La Farge's volume, the story of a young navy lieutenant who, because he wants to keep his girl for himself, spreads word through the island that she is a leper: By Word of Mouth has the material for a very fine short story; and although one sighs over the carelessness with which it is disposed of, one scarcely excuses its insufficiency on the ground that it was intended as an adjunct

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to reporting instead of as pure fiction. The point is—obviously—that a story is a story, good or bad, successful or insufficient, quite without reference to the circumstances of its composition or the practical purpose it was meant to serve.

And yet I suppose that all our war fiction so far might be described as only a fictional supplement to war reporting—in the sense that it suffers from being too close to the source of its inspiration. In the same week with "East by Southwest," I read Hobert Douglas Skidmore's "Valley of the Sky" (Houghton Mifflin, $2), a war novel which protests no factual limits on its imagination but which is actually little farther removed from its factual material than the sketchiest of Mr. LaFarge's reports. A novel about a bomber crew and a bombing mission in the Pacific, "Valley of the Sky" is both more exciting and more sorrowful than the stories in "East by Southwest"; but even its vein of drama is already familiar, having been bared, early in the war, by our war correspondents.

Having several times written in praise of the historical novels of Howard Fast, I regret having to report, now, my deep distaste for his latest book, "Freedom Road" (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $2.75). Mr. Fast's novel is set in South Carolina during the Reconstruction years; it is the story of an experiment in communal democracy in which groups of newly freed Negroes joined with dispossessed white farmers to buy land and farm together and then try to protect themselves against the savagery of the Ku Klux Klan. I lack the knowledge to pass on the historical validity of "Freedom Road." But even if all Mr. Fast's historical facts can be documented, the novel strikes me as profoundly untrue because it bears no resemblance to human life under any circumstances. I am quite certain that no group of people—black, white, or mixed—could behave with the unmitigated virtue of Mr. Fast's Negroes.

As a matter of fact, I find "Freedom Road" a disturbing blend of piousness and condescension, a book in the least attractive spirit of present-day liberal and radical thought. It is pious because it assumes that people are good in proportion as they are oppressed, and it is condescending because, by denying oppressed people human fallibility, it in effect makes them rather less than human. And people so different from ourselves of course require even a language of special consideration. From Steinbeck on, we have been developing in this country a prose for minorities, a kind of Biblical croon, over-cadenced and putting the distance of Biblical years between writer and subject. This is the narrative prose; the dialogue prose is even more offensive. "You wonderful horse, you sure enough beautiful little horse, you got a heart like a cannon blasting, you got a heart like a big sun rising—," says Mr. Fast's young colored boy in a typical burst of lyricism: progressive fiction likes to assume this false poeticism of speech in people whose lives are unmistakably corroded or commonplace. Similarly, it likes to assign to people of little or no education a special sensitivity to art, nature, and family feeling; we should not be surprised, then, that the hero of "Freedom Road," an ex-slave who has just painfully taught himself to read, has an immediate instinct in the direction of Whitman, Emerson, and Dickens, and against Poe!

"Wives of High Pasture" by Worth Tuttle Hedden (Doubleday, Doran, $2.75) is also an historical novel, about the Oneida colony, one of the Christian-communism communities that flourished before the Civil War. Although I cannot recommend it for any special literary interest, I found very entertaining its slant on what the Oneida disciples called "amativeness."

DIANA TRILLING

Surrealist Painting

BY CLEMENT GREENBERG

III

THE Surrealist motive for a naturalistic technique is plain. The more vividly, literally, painstakingly the absurd and the fantastic are represented, the greater their shock. For the sake of hallucinatory vividness the Surrealists have copied the effects of the calendar reproduction, postal card, chromeotype, and magazine illustration. In general they prize the qualities of the popular reproduction because of its incongruously prosaic associations and because the reproduction heightens illusionistic effect by erasing paint texture and brushstroke.

Another motive is the desire to sin against decorum, violate all the rules, do the disreputable thing, and attach oneself to whatever seems discredited. Advanced painting since the Impressionists has established a certain decorum, a notion of the aesthetically relevant, which the Surrealists find pompous, as they profess to find all relevancies pompous (this makes another of the possible rationalizations of the disassociated or disconnected image). Dali turned on post-cubist painting, praised Meissonier and commercial illustrations, and asserted his contempt for "formal" values by the deliberate but just as often unconscious negligences of his own painting. Thus he made a virtue of his shortcomings. Granted that irreverence has a necessary function in our time, yet irreverence as puerile and as widely welcome as Dali's is no more revolutionary than fascism. But of course, Dali is not to be taken seriously as anything other than a symptom. He is the Ossian of our day.

IV

The decisive question is whether the Surrealist image, as illustrated in the works of Ernst, Dali, Tanguy and the other painters of their kind, provides painting with a really new subject matter. That is, must hitherto untapped possibilities of the medium be explored in order to accommodate the Surrealist image? As far as painting alone is concerned, does it involve a new way of seeing as well as new things to be seen? For such painters as Miró, Arp, Masson, and Picasso, it certainly does. But not for Ernst, Dali, Tanguy, Oelze, Roy, Magritter, Dominguez, Brauner, Delvaux, Fini, *e tutti quanti*, who do indeed see new things, but no differently in essence than painters of the past would have seen them had they accepted Surrealist notions of subject matter. The Surrealist image is thus a new object to be posed and arranged, but it requires no fundamental change in the conventions of painting as established by the Renaissance. Given the same subjects, Meissonier, Ford Madox Brown, or Greuze would have approached the same effects. There would be the same

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modelling, shading, and spacing, and the same color schemes, although the hues themselves would be a little less saccharine or brassy and a little less unbroken.

The Surrealist image provides painting with new anecdotes to illustrate, just as current events supply new topics to the political cartoonist, but of itself it does not charge painting with a new subject matter. On the contrary, it has promoted the rehabilitation of academic art under a new literary disguise. The maxim *nulla sine narratione ars* is true enough, now as before, but the Surrealists have interpreted it vulgarly to mean that there can be no picture without an anecdote. The tradition of painting which runs from Manet through Impressionism, Fauvism, and Cubism has created the first original art style since the French Revolution, and the only original one our bourgeois society has been capable of. All its other styles are revivals. That style is now threatened for the first time from the inside by Surrealist painters, and by the Neo-Romantics and "Magic Realists" who bring up their train. These painters, though they claim the title of avant-garde artists, are revivers of the literal past and advance agents of a new conformist, and best-selling art.

The Surrealists have, like the Pre-Raphaelites, reinvigorated academicism by their personal gifts—which are undeniable—and by going to either a remoter or a more discredited past for guidance; in distinction from self-confessed academicists, who try to keep abreast of the times by watering down yesterday's advanced art. Taking their lead and most original impulse from Chirico—that archaizer who made a small but valid contribution—the Surrealists prefer Mantegna, Bosch, Vermeer, and Böcklin to the Impressionists. This does not make their painting any the less academic, but it does make it livelier, disturbing, and more attractive to new talents: adroit talents who read Rimbaud, have a sense of format, finish, and *mise en scène*—and can at least draw seriously. (The drawings of Ernst, Dali, and especially Tanguy are adventurous and original in a way that their paintings are not. The compelled economy of the line exposes their art to problems which are on the order of the day and which they otherwise evade by taking refuge in the ancient arsenal provided by the traditions of oil painting.)

Prompted by a real dissatisfaction with contemporary life, the art of these Surrealists is essentially one of vicarious wish-fulfilment. Its very horrors are nostalgic and day-dreamy, having associations with a more pleasant-seeming past, which is resuscitated in brighter, iridescent colors, smoother contours, glossier surfaces, and sharper outlines. The artist shows us how he would prefer life to look or how—as children do—he would prefer to be frightened. His wish is painted with such an illusion of super-reality as to make it seem on the brink of realization in life itself. The result is indeed a new and interesting kind of pictorial literature, but it is more literature or document than painting or art.

It is possible, I believe, to construct faithful duplicates in wax, papier maché, or rubber of most of the recent paintings of Ernst, Dali, and Tanguy. Their "content" is conceivable, and too much so, in other terms than those of paint. But the pictures of Picasso and Miró attain virtuality as art only through paint on a flat surface, and they would disappear utterly if translated elsewhere. Which is also true of the works of the old masters.

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FILMS

"WILSON" is by no means the first film in which one might watch Hollywood hopping around on one foot, trying to put on long pants. Nor are the immense responsibilities and potentialities of moving pictures so nearly Mr. Darryl Zanuck's personal discovery, patent applied for, as he apparently feels them to be ("Intolerance," after all, is nearly thirty years old). Yet Mr. Zanuck may be better than excused for regarding his new film as an important one, a test case. Very likely it is, not only for him but for Hollywood in general, for a long time to come. For as a hymn to internationalism, performed with all the stops pulled out, at just this time, "Wilson" becomes an extremely powerful campaigner for the Fourth Term, whether or not Mr. Zanuck so intended it. It thus undertakes more crucial and specific political responsibilities, more boldly, than any other American film to date. Still more important, from Hollywood's point of view, it represents the steepest investment, so far, in a would-be serious picture. When you count in a million dollars' exploitation costs, "Wilson" set Mr. Zanuck and the other little Foxes back about $5,200,000. No other film has ever cost so much.

If "Wilson" fails, Darryl Zanuck has promised never again to make a picture without Betty Grable. If "Wilson" fails, worse things than that may happen. It seems very possible that even any attempt at making "serious" or "idea" films of this sort might be postponed in this country for years to come. If "Wilson succeeds, on the other hand, it is likely that we will get a lot of other pictures like it, not only because a new box-office formula will have been established but also because, I feel sure, Hollywood is as full as any other place of men of fairly good will who would gladly devote some of it to the public weal so long as no risk is involved.

If this conception of maturing and seriousness becomes generally accepted, I will be more sorry than glad. Pictures like "Wilson" have little if anything to do with mature serious cinema as such, and those who think of "Wilson" as a mature film are not in the least concerned with its liveliness or deadness as a work of art; they are excited because serious ideas are being used on the screen. Something well worth excitement, I'll grant; but how much? None of the ideas used in "Wilson" is expressed in any better than primer fashion. Anyone who cares to can still get twice as much out of a newspaper and a dozen times as much out of even a mediocre book, so far as ideas are concerned. Perhaps this is a moment to be generous, as if toward a child who stumbles over unexpectedly big words; but that kind of contempt is peculiar to those who hate movies and think they like them, and is unavailable to those who love movies and are thought to loathe them. Furthermore, I believe that political ideas at their most mature and serious are still childish and frivolous as compared with those ideas or conceptions which attempt to work in, to perceive, and to illuminate, the bottoms of the souls of human beings. If political issues and a reverence for fact on the journalistic (or even the historical) level become a popular criterion for seriousness and maturity in films, the proper study of mankind is likely to be deferred even longer than by the present prospects. On the other hand, if great audiences, and those who fearfully try to give them what they want, get used to the idea that thinking and entertainment are by no means autonymous, this postponement-period may serve both ends, valuably, as a period of transition and training.

The whole business makes me a little tired when I reflect that it is 99 per cent waste motion—that a dozen really good, really mature films, each made on a B-budget or less, would be more likely to do overnight what in this way won't happen with any firmness in twenty years. But the distinguishing faculty of the realist is his preference for the longest distance between two points—a preference which becomes virtually beatitude if the second point is never reached. As a realist, then, I hope that "Wilson" grosses ten million dollars and that no matter how disastrously misleading the whole process may be, the studios will spend the next few years tearing each other's throats out over political and social issues. Seriousness and courage on a political level are infinitely preferable, heaven knows, to no seriousness and courage at all.

I have left myself very little space in which to talk about "Wilson" in detail; but perhaps that is just as well. It is essentially a very sincere and even a brave picture, and I am bound to salute even an attempt to help prevent a third world war, and to wish it well. One might at great length talk about its virtues—for on its own level, and in so far as its tight intersection of anxious showmanship, conventional talent, and journalistic conscience allows it, it has a great many more virtues than faults, and is a big, splendid, competent, resourceful show. One might at even greater length, and still with no lack of basic sympathy, analyze its extremely characteristic fits and starts down to the least evidence of the effort to give it all that money can buy and that honest research can edge it with: for in every grand effect and little mannerism it is both fascinating and instructive. They copied the cracks in the paint in the original portraits of Presidents in the White House; but they were unable to learn anything whatever of primary value from their study of 160,000 feet of relevant newsreel.

But here again, I am just as glad to shirk my duty. No matter how friendly I feel towards "Wilson" and the people who made it, any such review would amount chiefly to a specification of occupational psychosis. With the best intentions in the world, Hollywood took a character and a theme of almost Shakespearian complexity and grandeur, and reduced the character to an astutely played liberal assistant professor of economics; the theme to a few generalizations which every schoolboy has half-forgotten; the millennial, piteous surge of hope and faith which bore Wilson to Paris, to nothing at all; the colossal struggles between Wilson and Clemenceau and Senator Lodge, to one firmly written tizzy and one softly written one; Wilson's terrifying, possessed trip around the United States, to a set of pretty Thomas-Wolfean train-montages, culminating in the unprepared breakdown of a good insurance risk; the American people, to a passive, murmurous backdrop; and an extraordinarily grandiose prospect of powerful and original cinema, to a high-grade sort of magazine illustration. Every major problem, opportunity, and responsibility which the picture set its makers was, in other words, flunked—now through timidity, again through habitual half-blindness, and most of all perhaps through the desire to sell and ingratiate and essentially to render a two-and-a-half-hour apology for one sustained impulse of daring and disinterestedness.

If "Wilson" fails, I believe it will be because Mr. Zanuck and his associates were not up to their subject. For I am quite sure that the tremendous audiences which may or may not accept it as it stands would have been found more than ready for the same story, maturely told.

JAMES AGEE

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MUSIC

A READER has written to ask me to explain what I referred to in Heifetz's playing when, in my May 20 review of the General Motors broadcast of Mendelssohn's Concerto, I spoke of his "vulgarities." Also, not recalling any comment on Huberman in my column, and having been "astonished and captivated by [his] marvelous delivery and breadth of musicianship," he asked how I ranked him.

No recordings of Huberman performances have been issued for several years, and I happen not to have heard him in concerts; hence there has been no occasion for me to write about him recently. But in the past there were occasions for me to speak of the qualities that added up, for me, to the playing of a great artist. These were chiefly qualities of his phrasing—subtly inflected but continuously large-spanned (what I imagine my correspondent means by breadth of musicianship).

I have answered the question about Huberman first because it has enabled me to state some of the qualities of a good musician—to which I can oppose the qualities of a poor musician that I have often heard and pointed out in Heifetz's playing. Let my correspondent listen to Heifetz's recorded performances of Mozart and Beethoven sonatas: he will hear the line of the phrase constantly broken by mincing little swells on every two or three notes, often with wailing upward slides. Let him listen to the recorded performance of Franck's Sonata—the passage in the third movement beginning at a point about 1 11/16 inches in from the first groove of side 4, which Franck directs shall be played *molto dolce e tranquillo,* and in which therefore the notes should flow quite evenly: he will hear Heifetz's mannered, distorted delivery of the passage—the constant alternation between excessive holding back and hurrying of the notes. All this, with its effect of exaggerated, ostentatious, and obvious expressiveness, is the sort of thing one would hear in a performance of Rubinstein's Melody in F for the audience in a vaudeville or movie theater; in performances of Mozart, Beethoven, and Franck it is just as cheap, sentimental, vulgar; and it was to what I first described as Heifetz's "pretentiously mannered and sentimentally distorted phrasing" that I later applied the term "phraseological vulgarities," in my May 20 review.

One thing interests me further in my reader's letter, and that in his attitude he believed I had heard something he did not hear, and asked me to tell him what it was. This leaves me surprised, admiring, and grateful, because it is not the usual attitude of people in his situation. Most people are unable to make the distinction between Heifetz's playing of the violin and his playing of Mozart, or even to imagine or understand that distinction: what else is there in performance of music than producing the sounds the composer has written; and what can be wrong in a performance in which fast passages are produced with breath-taking speed and agility, and slow ones with breath-taking beauty of sound? As a result all performances by celebrated performers have equal validity for these people: they can understand that Schnabel plays Mozart differently from Casadesus, or Beecham differently from Koussevitzky, but not that one man plays the music well and the other poorly. And some cannot believe that anyone else can make these distinctions and evaluations; so that a reader once attributed my criticisms of Heifetz, which he characterized as "snide and ill-mannered impertinence," to personal animosity, accused me of attempting to tear Heifetz down in order to elevate Szigeti for similar personal reasons, and of doing the same thing with Koussevitzky for the benefit of Toscanini and Beecham, and assured me that only the musical public, which had put Heifetz and Koussevitzky where they were, could remove them. And even a better-mannered reader, who could conceive of my finding things to criticize in Heifetz's playing, could not understand how I could go so far as to apply a term like "vulgarities" to a violinist of Heifetz's eminence.

In addition to not understanding certain things in music and performance these readers didn't understand some very important things about the nature and purpose of criticism and about the mutual relation of critic and reader. I intend some time very soon to deal at length with the idea of the critic as a person whom one reads for the perceptions that enable one to hear and understand what one otherwise would not have heard and understood, and to develop the consequences of this idea for the reader. Right now I will only repeat my answer to those who objected: *The Nation* does not employ me to genuflect before eminences or before the limited perceptions of the great musical public; it employs me as an expert to hear and to report what I hear. If someone else cannot hear what I heard, or prefers to ignore it, that doesn't mean that I must not hear it or speak of it. And if what I hear from a violinist as eminent as Heifetz impresses me as a phraseological vulgarity, that is the term I have to use to describe it.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Soldier Preference?

Dear Sirs: I have been following with suppressed anger "The War to Keep Soldiers from Being Citizens." The soldier vote issue was one part of that war. The current attempt to prevent soldiers from having full and free access to certain books and magazines is an extension of the same campaign. A recent order requiring all "letters to the editor" to be submitted for approval to higher authority is still another limitation on soldiers' rights as citizens since in practical effect it operates as a gag on soldiers wishing to speak their minds on matters concerning the welfare of the nation—even though such discussion has nothing to do with military security.

With regard to the ban on certain magazines, the army says that they were omitted from its approved list on the basis of a test of soldier preferences as shown by sales in PX's. Yet in no PX that I have entered have I seen *The Nation*, the *New Republic*, *Harper's*, the *Atlantic*, or other quality magazines offered for sale. How can a magazine be preferred or not preferred when it is not offered for purchase? To say that soldiers are free to subscribe to anything is no defense. An enlisted man may be financially able to buy only occasional copies of the magazine he likes. Must he send to the publisher every time he wants an issue in which he is particularly interested?

Only the constant vigilance of such magazines as *The Nation* to prevent the unnecessary infringement on soldiers' rights is going to preserve our democracy now and avoid an aftermath of resentment on the part of service men when the war is over. PFC

Somewhere in Massachusetts, Aug. 6

Readily Available

Dear Sirs: Some of your readers may have mistakenly deduced from Charles G. Bolté's piece in the July 22 issue that servicemen are denied access to magazines like *Harper's* or *The Nation*, or books such as Mrs. Bowen's "Yankee from Olympus."

The Army may have "banned from its establishment the *American Mercury*, *Harper's*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *New Republic*, and *The Nation*," as Mr. Bolté states, but current issues of most of the foregoing publications are readily available here at the post library. In addition, a cursory examination of the shelves reveals the presence of "Yankee from Olympus," E. B. White's "One Man's Meat," and Beard's "Republic."

It is, perhaps, a no longer interesting revelation of Southern mores, however, that all the latest fiction best-sellers, save only one, are also on hand. The sole exception, as you may have guessed, is Lillian Smith's "Strange Fruit."

SERGEANT

Somewhere in Alabama, August 1

A Vicious Rule

Dear Sirs: Enclosed is a money order for five dollars, for which please send me *The Nation* for one year at the address given above.

Glad as I am to go to any length to receive your publication, I should not have had to send this money order, had not the officials of the branch post office in my home town rejected a packet of *Nations* which my mother was mailing to me. The magazine was rejected as "controversial."

Previously my family has always been able to mail me scores of issues of your magazine, and one would expect this precedent to be considered. But precedent or no precedent, it is obvious to all concerned that this restriction on information is undemocratic and politically dangerous. Be it noted that, although *The Nation* and *The New Republic* cannot be mailed, *Time*, *The American Mercury*, *The American Magazine*, *Reader's Digest*, *Life*, and *Newsweek* are distributed regularly to army units overseas. One finds them in company day rooms, post exchanges, service clubs, and libraries. Who is so foolish as to call these magazines unbiased and non-controversial?

I do not know whether the author of this vicious rule is the War Department or the Office of the Postmaster General. The regulation is founded on two absurdities: (1) the belief that there is literature or reporting which is not controversial; and (2) the belief that only non-controversial matter is needed by the soldier voter overseas, although his civilian fellow citizen or the soldier in the United States has access to opinions of all types as well as to varied sources of factual information. The very stuff of the election contest is debate and disagreement; if there were no controversy, there would be no election and no need for one.

Finally, if there is no controversy, the liberal forces will suffer most, for their strongest support is truth and sound opinion, as elaborated and studied through two thousand years of the very same controversy which an official regulation would now prohibit.

I hope you'll find time to comment on this postal ruling. T/4

Pacific Area, July 28

8 BOOKLETS BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

Bertrand Russell, the distinguished philosopher, mathematician, logician and Freethinker, recently said that he enjoyed writing booklets for E. Haldeman-Julius because he is given the fullest freedom of expression. In fact, it is only in essays written for Haldeman-Julius that Dr. Russell can give circulation to the mind-liberating thoughts he feels should be made known to the average person. Most standard publishers are afraid to issue works that are frowned on by the orthodox and conventional. Such a restriction is never encountered in the editorial department of the H-J Publications. In the booklets listed below Dr. Russell offers a feast of reason, information, logic, wit and rollicking humor. We present:

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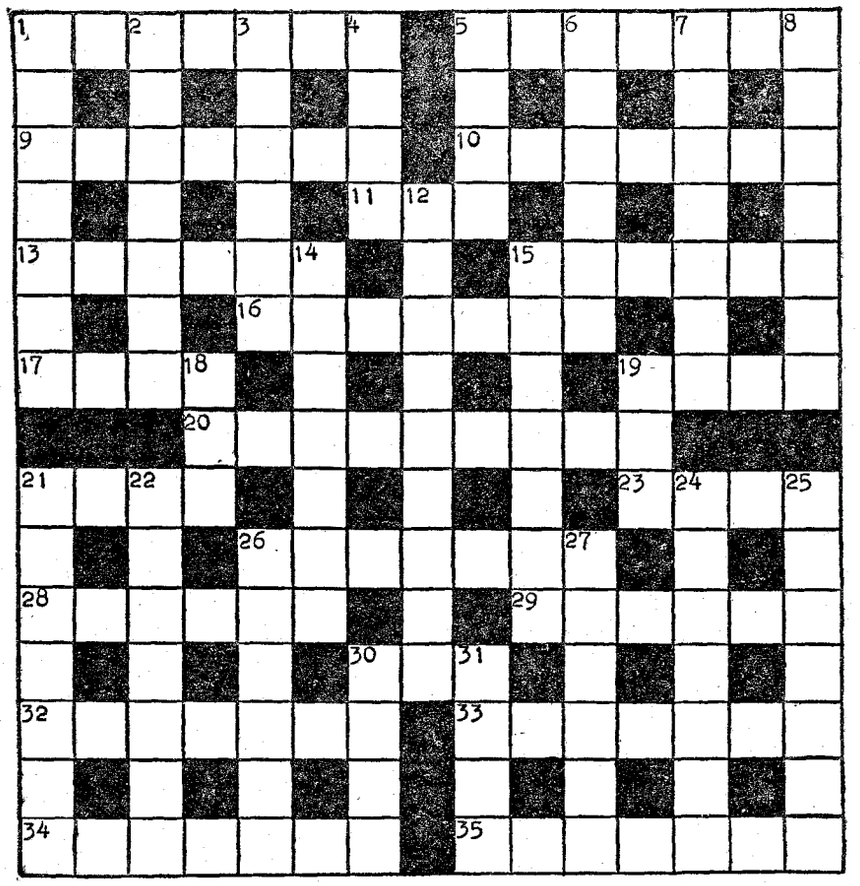
Cross-Word Puzzle No. 77

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 We should freeze on to warm ones
5 "A little bit off the top"—but not, we hope, with this
9 More stylish in slang
10 As a sword without a button (a bit Shakespearean this)
11 There's some question as to whether it preceded the hen
13 These and lovers cry for the moon, according to Villon
15 Belgian watering-place
16 Tract that will not contract, though
17 *Might* stop a runaway horse
19 Black
20 Used by the carpenter to gloss things over?
21 Departed pig
23 Solo with variations abroad
26 Atrocious
28 Dickens' doctor Sam Weller calls "Mr. Sawbones"
29 Hospital accessory that ends with another
30 An object of ridicule among the masses
32 Livery
33 He rarely looks where he is going
34 "Great-hearted, brazen-voiced -------, accustomed to shout as loud as fifty other men"
35 This makes us sneer

DOWN

1 It may be Featherstonehaugh to you —it is this to the English
2 Dante's *Divine Comedy, Part I*
3 Does the radio effects man complain if others make them?
4 "I'll make assurance double ----, And take a bond of fate" (*Macbeth*)
5 It's faster as a bullet
6 A body of troops in concealment declares itself a small tree
7 Pert ant (anag.)
8 The 25th of March (hyphen, 4-3)
12 The last thing you would expect wheat fields to yield
14 Those who do this often hesitate to speak
15 The devil-fish has swallowed a top!
18 Request
19 A language without a country
21 Affected people of French extraction who produce U. S. prose
22 Whip whose name would describe the condition of your back if it were applied to it
24 "A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry of some strong ------- in his agony" (Byron)
25 Wayzgooses (or perhaps it's wayz-geese")
26 Animal, first name Billy (hyphen, 2-4)
27 "Fingers pointing towards heaven"
30 Ruler of Afghanistan, perhaps
31 The only fish, so to speak

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 76

ACROSS:—1 EVERYONE; 6 BORE; 10 HELEN; 11 LIE; 12 FACES; 13 PATHOS; 16 SIERRA; 17 MAUDLIN; 18 NICE; 20 BOAT; 22 APPENDS; 23 BUNK; 24 REAR; 25 POLECAT; 27 LOTION; 29 DREDGE; 34 TWIST; 35 HAP; 36 MANSE; 37 OLLA; 38 CORCORAN.

DOWN:—2 VALET; 3 RANSOM; 4 OWLS; 5 EPEE; 6 BAFFIN; 7 RACER; 8 WHIP; 9 O'SHANTER; 14 SAMPSON; 15 ADHERES; 16 SINDBAD; 18 NOBILITY; 19 CON; 21 ONE; 25 PORTIA; 26 TROMSO; 28 TRIAL; 30 DINNA; 31 EVEN; 32 CHIC; 33 SPAR.

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